

CHARENTON ;

OR,

THE FOLLIES OF THE AGE.

A PHILOSOPHICAL ROMANCE.



BY

I. DE LOURDOUEIX.



TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1818.

C. Baldwin, Printer,
New Bridge-street, London.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE French press is continually teeming with a variety of literary works, by men of talents, upon all subjects, which, for the moment, amuse and are admired. Few of them are sufficiently interesting to foreigners to be translated; yet some pass unnoticed, which, both for their information and style, deserve attention, and would gratify the general reader. The following is a translation of one that appears likely to interest the British public; for, not only at this period, but at all times, in an historical as well as relative point of view, the affairs of France must be of importance to all civilized nations, and peculiarly to Great Britain. This volume, from the pen of a writer greatly esteemed in his own country, gives a view of the political state of France, of its parties, of the natural tendency of the age to the general interests of mankind, and of the ultimate object of civilization in its silent progress towards universal good.

Though decided in its opinions, it appears moderate, impartial, and well written. The form of the work is ingenious, and the narrative, though short, agreeable. *Charenton* is well known in England to be the principal public establishment near Paris for insane persons. The author has chosen it for the scene of adventures; and some supposed inhabitants of it are his *dramatis personæ*.

The measures understood by the *Laws of Exceptions* are ordinances thought necessary on particular occasions, such as those for preventing or suppressing publications, and others, the power of which was established by the Chambers of 1815.

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CHARENTON.



CHAP. I.

ONE OF MY DAYS.

THREE months after I returned from Germany, where I had spent several years with my uncle, the French Consul at L***, I was sitting at table by my mother, and opposite to my father; the cloth was removed; and my sisters were preparing our coffee.

We had been silent for some time, when my father said to me, "Are you ill, Joseph? you are paler than usual."

"No wonder," said my mother, "he was all night at his window."

MY FATHER.

"What the deuce could you be doing all night long at a window? Would not you have been better in bed."

I.

“The sky was so serene, the night so calm, the moon was so brilliant! added to which there is something so striking and sublime in the silence reigning through a great city, that I could not cease contemplating the objects before me.”——“Objects!” cried my father peevishly, “such things are well enough to look at for a moment; but, after all, there is nothing extraordinary in moon-light; and night is intended for sleep.”

I.

“I did not think of it.”

MY FATHER.

“It is evident that I am very unfortunate: I have but one son; I have given him a good education; he has had masters of every kind; of what use have his studies been to him?”

Since your return from Germany you have not once touched your violin, nor drawn a single flower.”

MY MOTHER.

“Such spirits as he had before he went!”

MY FATHER.

“He was the soul of company, every where sought for ; I was the envy of all fathers.

MY MOTHER.

“He used to make such good verses too ! and was every thing with the ladies !”

MY FATHER.

“He argued so sensibly among men of learning, that they would make a circle round him to listen.”

MY MOTHER.

“Now he lives like a bear ; we can’t prevail upon him to go out ; he hardly speaks, and is never satisfied but when alone in his room.”

“Nay,” said my father with a look which seemed to scan me, “it would be less extraordinary if you employed your time in any thing ; if you spent it in reading : but you have not even opened the library since you came home.”

“I employ my time more than you think,” replied I ; “I very often write——”

MY FATHER.

“Yes you write—but what ? I cast my eye the other day over some of your papers—a parcel

of romantic fancies, unfinished, unconnected ideas, without a grain of sense in them."

—"They contain sense according to my understanding," replied I.

"That does not prove their sense," rejoined my father, a little piqued; "my understanding is not more confined than yours; my education has been as good; I am at no loss to comprehend Voltaire; you surely don't think yourself superior to Voltaire?".....

I made no reply.

Why did I shudder at the name of Voltaire? The idea of that man never comes into my mind but accompanied with that dry sarcastic look which mocks religious faith, that sneer which insults the labouring soul. He appears to me in the light of a treacherous brother drawing upon us the scoffs of the world. The thought contracted my brow, and cast on my countenance a look of impatience, which I took no pains to disguise. My father appeared disgusted at my silence, imputing it, probably, to an excessive self-sufficiency, which dared not display itself to him. He shrugged his shoulders, looked down, and sighed. I felt that I had hurt him: I had, though unintentionally, been wanting in due attention to him, and I resolved to atone for the error. "How painful is it, Sir," said

I, looking affectionately at him, “when those who love do not understand each other!”

—“Not understand each other!” cried he, “Not understand each other! On my part, I am intelligible enough: as for you, I own I am at a loss to comprehend the tendency of your thoughts. Your conduct, my dear Joseph, is too strange to be without some secret cause. Are you unhappy? Is there any thing you want? Are you pining for any object you have left behind you in Germany? Speak frankly to me, I beseech you; you know my affection for you: every thing may be effected with friends and money, and there is no sacrifice I will not make to render you happy.”

In saying this my father was much affected; I placed my hand upon his, and, pressing it warmly, assured him that I wanted nothing, that I pined for nobody, and that I had really nothing on my mind to make me uneasy.

—“Why then,” said he, “are you so pensive, and out of spirits? Why do you appear uneasy when with your mother and me, with your sisters, or with our friends? Why do you do nothing, or say nothing, like the rest of the world? This change in you makes me very unhappy; your reason is impaired, you have not two ideas connected, and cannot maintain a conversation for five minutes. Your head is full of absurd fancies; you like neither

plays nor balls, country nor town; you are absolutely good for nothing, and are uncomfortable wherever you are."

—"Ah Rousseau!" I exclaimed, casting up my eyes to heaven, "ah Rousseau!"

My mother winked at my father; he stared at her, and held his tongue.

I gave way to my reflections. "Cruel lot!" said I inwardly, "fatal imagination! thou that transportest me so far from life! estrangest me from my family, and my situation in the world! thou that sinkest happiness beneath me, and causest me to feel myself so misplaced upon the earth, with what dost thou make me amends for blessings thou preventest me from enjoying?" I became absorbed in thought, and my ideas, confounded by such inconsistencies, wandered in spite of me to my chamber; that sweet solitude, where I could indulge my reveries, and follow uninterrupted the alluring course of my vague conceptions: I was, however, prevented from leaving my seat by a kind of affectionate scruple, that would not suffer me to quit my parents so abruptly, after the uneasiness I had unintentionally given them.

We continued silent; my father, grave and absent, kept turning the spoon in his cup, though the sugar in his coffee was already melted; my mother went on mechanically stroking the soft

coat of her old cat, that was purring on her lap ; and my sisters, whose kind dispositions made them participate in a sadness which they could not account for, sat near the light working.

Some time passed in that sort of constrained situation, in which one is afraid to look round, in which one keeps one's thoughts to one's-self, and disappointed desires turn inwardly for consolation.After an hour or two, I found myself in my chamber, alone and happy : my father was playing at piquet with Monsieur Perraut, of *Rue des Francs-Bourgeois*, who had left off business ; my mother was attentively listening to Madame Perraut's account of the dishes which compose the *Curé de St. Paul's* dinner, and my sisters, ranged with some of their companions round a *vingt-et-un* table, were trying their fortune of the evening in partnership with two supernumeraries of the Tobacco Magazine.

CHAP. II.

THE NEXT DAY.

IF, in a speculative life, there are days of silence and solitary absorption, when the soul, like a man in a fever whose suffering body cannot bear to be touched, is painfully affected by all that approaches her ; when, retiring within her mansion, she shuns every foreign impression, and dreads all external communication of ideas ; there are also days of expansion and loquacity when she requires excitement, when, far from avoiding encounters and contests, she goes in search of opposition, as it were for an opportunity of disencumbering herself, dispensing her savings, and displaying her stores.

The latter was my case, when Monsieur Anselm, my father's physician and friend, came into my chamber.

Dr. Anselm is one of those men whom the world calls clever: he has a kind of reputation in the *Marais*, which he owes as much perhaps to address in his conduct as to his medical talents. He is a favourite in the families he attends, because he is insinuating, enters into the little concerns of the

house, takes a part in the bustle of coteries, and is seldom above the sympathizing character he has undertaken.

If he made himself the idol of old women by such littlenesses, with men he supported his character by great erudition: in addition to the knowledge of the sciences connected with his profession, his memory was well stored with classical learning, and he was not deficient in modern literature. His studies, chiefly directed to the combinations and laws of matter, gave to his thoughts a habit of observing, which destroyed their liberty, and left them no originality; his ideas, obedient to his memory, never rose above those agreed truths, which, in the intercourse of the world, are considered as settled, and which the generality of men do not think themselves called upon to investigate. Moral order and the occult principles of things never entered his head; matter, its organisation, its developments, and its frightful decomposition, was all that he perceived in the miracle of the universe. The result was, a species of sceptical reason, which, relying on the aid, always at hand, of a crowd of common-place arguments, wanted neither boldness, ingenuity, nor false brilliancy.

Previous to my residence in Germany, I used to take much pleasure in his conversation, and we had frequently those pedantic arguments with

which the vanity of my fond parents had been so highly flattered. After my return I avoided talking with him, as he had a dry and determined look, for which I felt disgust and contempt. I was, however, glad to see him come in that day, and felt myself inclined to make use of him, to ascertain my distance from the world, and to measure the height at which I had placed myself.

“ I have been breakfasting with your father,” said he ; “ he told me you were not well, and I am come to sit a few minutes with you.”

I.

“ It is my father’s pleasure to think me ill when I am not ; but I am obliged to him, however, for sending you to see me.”

THE DOCTOR.

“ To see you I must come to you, as I never meet you anywhere, not even at home. You are come back quite a savage from your Germany.”

I.

“ That, perhaps, is the whole of my sickness.”

THE DOCTOR.

“ Well ! and it may be a disease.”

I.

“ And do you think, Doctor, that medicine can cure that disease ?”

HE.

“ That is according to circumstances: if a young man of your age becomes disgusted with the world, turns melancholy, falls into a consumption, and is insensible to pleasure, there must necessarily be a cause for a state so contrary to nature. Now, of two things, one: either that cause would be external, or it would be internal; either it would be in the individual, or it would be out of him. If it were out of the individual, that is to say, if it arose from great sorrow, medicine could only modify the physical accidents as the symptoms declared themselves; but for the cause itself, nothing but time and dissipation can remove that. If it were in the individual, that is to say, owing to a derangement either in the organs, or in the equilibrium of the humours, it would only be necessary to get rid of the derangement, in order to restore the equilibrium, and then the organs performing their functions properly, all would go on again in an orderly manner.”

I.

“ You seem to have forgotten a third case: is it

not possible that the cause of the melancholy may be internal, yet not physical? depending, for example, on vexations arising in our ideas, and proceeding from no exterior object?"

HE.

" You fall within my second proposition; those vexations without a reason, of which you speak; those senseless chimeras, show some kind of derangement in the machine; whether they are produced by an alteration in the organs of the brain, or proceed from affections of the hypochondres, or superior regions of the lateral parts of the abdomen: in the latter case, we should have consumption, black bile, and melancholy; in the former, mania, or wandering, or insania, according to the degree or character of the disease."

I.

" You are convinced then, that the cause of melancholy is in the lateral parts of the abdomen?"

HE.

" It is clear, that hypochondriac affections have their source in the hypochondres."

" Don't you think," said I to him seriously, " that there is a little hypochondria in my case?"

THE DOCTOR (*affecting a smile*).

“ I rather think you have left some beauty in Germany, whose image pursues you here.”

I.

“ I give you my word you are mistaken.”

HE.

“ So much the worse ; for if we could ascertain the causes of the change which has taken place in you, it would be more easy to apply a remedy. It is evident, my dear Joseph, that you are no longer the same person you were : you have fallen into a state of languor, which renders your parents wretched. Hear me—I was present at your birth, I have been a friend in the family for thirty years, I have some title to your confidence, and you must not feel hurt at any thing my friendship for you may compel me to say : besides, I do not come as a doctor, to prescribe drugs and slops for you ; I come, as a friend, to give you advice, and to try to restore you to your family, to society, where you are formed to succeed, and, perhaps, to yourself.”

I (*a little confused at the unexpected turn our conversation had taken*).

“ I protest to you, I never was more myself than I have been for some months past.”

HE.

“ Can you think so, when you suffer yourself to be tired and disgusted with the world ; when you daily lose some of your moral faculties in indolence and apathy ? Is man made to live alone ? Is not pleasure his inheritance ; and is not every faculty he possesses in some sort an order of nature ? ”

I.

“ Is it my fault if Nature gives me no orders, and if my organs excite me to nothing ? ”

HE.

“ That’s impossible ; at your age the heart and the senses are not mute. You have imagination, at least ; your thoughts are not inactive, they must fix upon something ; why don’t you realize their suggestions ? ”

I.

“ All my thoughts soar to heaven. . . . ”

THE DOCTOR (*looking at me with surprise,
and after a short pause*).

“ Ha !——But what does this mean ? ”

I.

“ It means, Doctor, that it is not very likely

that you and I should think alike, as you are upon the earth, and I in heaven”

HE.

“ You are in heaven! but in what way do you mean?”

I.

“ I am in one world, and you in another: you look for motives in an order of things which is out of my way; you argue very sensibly according to the laws of that order of things, and I have nothing to say against you, only that it is entirely out of my way.”

The Doctor looked at me, became thoughtful; then looked at me again. He remained some minutes without saying any thing; then drawing out his watch, and making it repeat the hour—“ It is late ” said he, “ I must go to the *Place Vendôme* I have a great many patients to see. You ought to take exercise, it is absolutely necessary for young people. I beseech you, my dear Joseph, go a little into company; enter into some amusements; try to go to bed earlier: sitting up heats the blood.”

I saw he was preparing to go out, and was rather alarmed at it, as our conversation had been so abruptly broken off, that my intention was frustrated,

and the object lost on which I had reckoned in attacking his notions in so hostile a manner. He had come well enough into my plan of astonishing him at the outset, in order to place myself on such a footing of equality with him, as should deprive him of all the authority of his common-place reason; but I did not mean on that account to shun his reasoning, or take a stand out of the reach of his view. I felt, therefore, that I should be injured in his opinion, if he left me without having comprehended me. To return to what I had been saying, unless it was properly introduced, would be still worse; to detain the Doctor long enough to renew the conversation appeared to me impossible; and while all this was passing in my mind, he had already got his hand on the lock of the door, and was taking leave. At the moment, in consequence of one of those spontaneous ideas which produce instantaneously the result of a long train of reflection, and which are to thought what algebra is to arithmetic, I determined to go out with him, and accompany him to the *Place Vendôme*, certain that in the way I should find time to make our conversation take the turn it suited me to give to it. I accordingly said, that I was going to the Tuileries, and that we would walk together. He seemed rather embarrassed at the proposal; whether it was that his engagement at

the *Place Vendôme*, had been mentioned as an excuse for leaving my room, or that the reason which induced him to quit me was equally one for his not wishing me to go along with him. He looked undecidedly at me, thinking at the same time how he might reconcile his desire of getting rid of me with the law of civility, which required him to be contented in having my company. I took advantage of this courteous dissimulation, or rather made a bad use of it, and without giving him time to think I took my hat, and went down with him, taking care to engage his attention by one of those common topics of conversation, which, properly managed, rendered all change of subject impossible.

We were soon in the street, walking side by side; I thinking how to bring him back to the point where he had broken off; he, no doubt, vexing at being taken to the *Place Vendôme*, where he had no business.

But, by one of those petty crosses which fate in its malice sometimes multiplies in the way of our schemes, and which annoy us the more the more we are bent on our object, and the more impatient we are to attain it, it seemed as if the hackney coaches, the passengers, and all the impediments of populous trading streets, had conspired to interrupt our conversation every instant, or rather to

prevent our holding any. Sometimes we were separated by the long poles of a couple of porters carrying their burden on with a steady pace ; sometimes a hack cabriolet, with the *gare* of the driver, sent us flying for safety to different sides of the street, just as I was putting some question which I had studiously prepared, and the answer to which was sure ; another time a grocer's heavy dray close at our heels, and following us unmercifully even through the narrow streets into which we turned to avoid it, stunned our ears with its perpetual rumbling, and prevented our hearing ourselves speak ; and then again some little cur got between our legs to save itself from a bigger dog, so that we could only speak as it were by snatches. Here is a specimen of our conversation.

I.

“ What becomes of you to-night, Doctor ? ”

HE.

“ I shall go to Count L——'s ”

I.

“ How fortunate you are in liking the world ! ”

HE.

“ Why don't you go into it ? ”

I.

“What should I do in it? I know nothing of cards, and should be a very useless being.”

HE.

“And is your not knowing how to play at cards a reason for your flying all society?”

I.

“Where would you have me go?”

HE.

“Where do young people of your age go?”

I.

“One must have their frivolous taste.”

HE.

“If useful employment is alone to your taste, there are a thousand places where you might spend your evenings more profitably than in your chamber.”

I.

“I protest I do not know one.”

HE.

“Why don't you go to the Atheneum?”

I.

“ I am not fond of politics.”

HE.

“ Go to the French Theatre.”

I.

“ I have read the Greek tragedies, and know beforehand all that is to be met with there.”

HE.

“ Go to the Melodrama.”

I.

“ It is an abortion.”

HE.

“ Go to the Opera.”

I.

“ There they make *pirouëttes*.”

HE.

“ Go to the Odeon.”

I.

“ I know the house.”*

* That is, I know the theatre, meaning the building. The amusements being considered not worth attending, the beauty of the house is said to be the only attraction.

This sally obtained me a smile of approbation from the Doctor. I wish it to be understood, that the policy of bending a little to his notions, so as to put him at his ease with me, was the only motive for making this pun, a kind of wit which I detest.

We had now passed the narrow noisy streets in the neighbourhood of the *Pont-neuf*; we were going to cross the Louvre, and I might, without fear of interruption, force my secret adversary to accept the challenge of a battle of ideas, which he had so oddly evaded in my chamber.

—"How fine this is!" said he, stopping before the colonade of the Louvre.

1 (*after a moment's reflection*).

"There is, to be sure, some glory in executing at such a distance from the sun, in a cold, rainy climate, and with a stone so rough, porous, and accessible to the effects of the seasons, a design conceived in the gay poetic imaginations of Greece But is there a law, that I am to see these Greeks every where? Why a Corinthian architecture on the banks of the Seine? Could no beautiful or happy thought spring from among us? Is it not shameful, that the pencil of an Athenian should have marked out the palaces of our kings, and his compasses have prescribed limits to our

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I (*after a moment's reflection*).

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genius, which it has never dared to pass? Why have we not rather improved on the Gothic architecture, so bold in its plans, so light, so elegant in its details? Would not ogees and rose knots suit better with our climate, manners, and religion, than triglyphs and heads of sacrifice?"

The Doctor said nothing. We crossed the court of the Louvre in silence, and I was thinking how I should lead to a conversation so difficult to renew, when he broke the silence. "However far gone you may be in your notions of disparagement," said he, "you cannot deny that, if the demolitions carrying on were once completed, no town in Europe would have such a spacious, regular, and beautiful square as this."

I looked round me, and was frightened at the vast space to be lost to the population of the capital. "What beauty," I asked, "can result from the absence of things? All I see here is the demolition of a part of the town, and the destruction of an infinite number of houses, most of them very handsome and very commodious, in the place of which there will be only a large paved plain. What signify these immense openings, which give an idea of devastation in the heart of a city, and render the communication of the inhabitants more difficult, by creating a desert in the midst of their habitations?"

“Demolishing alone,” said the Doctor, “is not the object, but to substitute a regular edifice for a shapeless agglomeration of buildings; and, surely, you cannot but allow that the idea of joining the Louvre to the Tuileries, in order to make of them one immense palace, is one of those conceptions of which only the grandeur of the Romans has left us any traces.”

I.

“What kind of a conception is that which increases the plan of a building without proportioning its height to the extent of its base? It is a strange grandeur that creeps along the surface, and scarcely dares to look above the ground! Very different was the genius that presided over the works of the contemporaries of Clovis, when, raising the steeple of Strasbourg above stormy clouds, they fixed in the azure of the sky a statue of the Virgin, terminating the point of their edifice.”

HE.

“You have a singular predilection for Gothic monuments.”

I.

“Because I like what is not yet subjected to calculation; genius has no more to do with your

Grecian architecture ; your five orders, like the seven tones of music, are invariably fixed ; the proportions of each column, the distances between them, the frieze, the architrave, the length of an acanthus leaf, even the slenderest fillet, all is measured to hand within the quarter of a line : to compose a masterpiece of this kind, all that is requisite is to buy stones, and pay masons.

In the Gothic architecture, on the contrary, the imagination regains its full liberty ; it can create ornaments, pour forth its richness in the vast design of a façade, in the innumerable minutiae of a portico : it can give a range to its fancies, to its dreams ; seek even out of nature new shapes and figures, and dispose each stone so as to make it the expression of a thought."

—"The expression of a thought !" said the Doctor, whose patience began to be exhausted ; "What thought out of nature can you express with stones ?"

I.

"To answer that question I have only to request you to observe the exterior form of our different edifices. Look at those monuments of the Grecian architecture. Do not the graceful and amorously rounded forms of those shafts of the Ionian columns awaken in you ideas of the loves and

graces? Do not those Tuscan pillars, more massy in their dimensions, more masculine in their contour, represent to you that beauty of strength which beams throughout the Farnese Hercules? Do you not see images of pride, wealth, and elegance in the proud dimensions and magnificent ornaments of the Corinthian colonnades? And, lastly, in the symmetry of those buidings, their admirable regularity, in their smooth, flat roofs, are you not struck with the conceptions and manners of a people whose ideas were all confined to the sentiment of earthly and positive beauties.

Now suppose yourself before a Gothic edifice, near one of those antique basilisks, those immense and religious monuments of the genius and piety of our forefathers; your soul, impressed with soft melancholy, disposed to thought and contemplation, will feel a desire to harmonize with the gloomy colour of the building. In casting your eyes over the vast assemblage of those innumerable compartments, supports, spires, arches, whose light tops and waving lines seem mingled with and lost in the vapoury shade of the atmosphere, no distinct form, no material beauty breaks upon your view; from the whole seen together you will experience, not a sensation, but a profound sentiment of melancholy, which will become religious as you follow the elevation of that turret whose slender spire, dying away as it

were in the air, will waft your thought without intermission, without any sensible transition, from the body of the church, the place of penitence and prayer, up to the imagined heaven, the refuge of the Christian's hopes. Thus the pagan monuments present only round forms, straight and regular lines, just proportions, and fixed designs, because material beauty is composed solely of contours, regular and symmetrical lines, and depends altogether on justness of proportion ; while the Christian monuments offer externally only spires, confused designs, and conceptions executed in spite of the laws of stability,* because Christian ideas are essentially acute, and have a tendency to ascend to heaven by a power exempt from calculation, and independent of the laws of matter. Do not those Gothic spires, sometimes standing alone on the summit of a buttress, sometimes springing in groups from the smooth plinths of a portal, present a sublime image of hope and of prayer ? In a word, do not all those ornaments express moral beauties entirely out of nature ? ”

The Doctor smiled in pity. “ And do you think,” said he, ironically, “ that there exist beauties out of nature ? ”

* The steeple of the cathedral at Antwerp, one of the finest in Europe, is in danger of falling, as it is only supported in its elevated position by means of iron stays, which, being rusted by the air, are ready to give way.

I.

“ A fine question ! Yes, the beauties of the first order. Don't you know that the sublime begins where reality ends ? Why don't you ask me too whether matter is not superior to spirit, body to soul ? . . . What we acquire from physical order is only imitation ; what we take from moral order is creation, or conception. The idea of a God, those that relate to another life, all that the soul conceives by its own power and without the assistance of the senses, are not all these drawn from a world purer, nobler, and more exalted than the earth ? ”

Here the Doctor was out of all patience ; he told me that I had been raving for an hour past, and cited as an unanswerable argument the following line of Boileau :

Rien n'est beau que le vrai ; le vrai seul est aimable.

He called in Racine and Molière to demonstrate to me that the painting of the human heart, the picture of our passions, our vices, our pleasures, was the sole dominion of poetry, and that we approached the nearer to perfection in the arts the more faithful we were in imitating nature I maintained that we ought never to concern ourselves with it but for the purpose of purifying and ennobling it ; that the ideal was the soul of the fine

arts, and that there was no true poetry without the marvellous : I referred to the fictions of Homer, the fairy machinery of Tasso, the obscurities of Ossian, and the visions of Klopstock. He said, that the pagan mythology was justly considered as the finest, and most favourable to genius ; as by personifying our ideas it drew them from a vague state, placed them within reach of our organs, and adorned them with the charms of nature. . . . I insisted, on the contrary, that it impoverished the imagination, by delivering up to our senses what belonged to our thoughts, and by bringing to the earth what we should seek in heaven.

—“ Besides the external senses,” said I, “ we have internally a faculty of conceiving, which is the noblest attribute of the soul ; it is a species of instinct which leads to the notions of an intellectual world, of which we shall one day make a part ; it is by that we acquire ideas of the supernatural and the marvellous ; those ideas are essentially connected with what is noblest in us : why then corrupt and degrade them, by clogging them with our terrestrial chains ? Why give vices, passions, wants, to things which in their essence are pure and divine ? What, after all, is this rage for personifying every thing ? Things are what they are of themselves : some are only material, as stones and metals ; others partake of matter and spirit,

as animals; others, again, are purely spiritual, as the Divinity, the soul, spirits, the occult principles of things, and all that composes that invisible universe, commonly called *Moral Order*, and which Kant calls *Reason*. Let it not be said that none of these objects have existence, because they are vague and undetermined in our understanding: they exist, for the ideas of them are to be found in all ages, among all nations, and their names in all languages; but they exist without form and colour, because form and colour are properties of matter. It is, therefore, robbing them of a great part of their fascination, and their charm, to make them in every thing like ourselves; it is, at least, depriving imagination of an extensive field, to give fixed and invariable features to things which it might conceive differently, according to the different points of view in which they might present themselves to it.

“For example, you paint death to me as a hideous skeleton holding a scythe, but I see in it a beautiful girl, her forehead encircled in a glory, a smile on her lips, come to deliver men from life and lead them to heaven.

“Rather leave to their vague existence ideas which you cannot define; the mind in pursuing them thither, will be obliged to raise itself to their height, and will gain something of their purity.

“ But observe, your pagans were such miserable, such grovelling beings, that their thoughts never soared upwards of five hundred fathoms above the level of the ground ; their conception could go no higher for the abode of their gods than the mountains of their country ; they said, Jupiter *dwells* on Mount Oylmpus, Apollo *dwells* on Mount Parnassus, just as we say, Mr. Such-a-one dwells on Mont-martre. They could never reach the idea of an unknown heaven ; and it was not till our venerable Druids revealed to them the existence of the soul, that the boldest among them could conceive another life but such as is represented in the insipid repetition of their Elysium.*

“ How preferable, in my opinion, to such a dry, earthly mythology, are those ideas of phantoms and apparitions which night and death have given birth to among Christian nations, and which ancient traditions have perpetuated in all our villages. A countryman, showing me the way by night over an unknown tract, will produce more effect on my imagination, in relating the mythology of his hamlet, than Hesiod with all the trash of his tedious theogony.

* ——— Vobis auctoribus umbræ
 Non tacitas Erebi sedes, Ditisque profundi
 Pallida regna petunt. Regit idem spiritus artus
 Orbe alio : longæ (canitis si cognita) vitæ
 Mors media est.

PHARS. lib. 1.

“ Passing by a certain marshy meadow, my guide assures me, that a troop of wanton spirits, clad in red, are often seen running as swift as the wind, making the air ring with their shrill and mocking bursts of laughter, while they are playing among the horses, and plaiting their long mains. When the farmer’s boy goes in the night for their favourite mare, they get up behind him, press his heart with a heavy hand to stop its beating, and box his ear if he dares to look round. In another spot the Alder King with his robe of fogs and crown of fire walks late in the evening by the river side, watching for some child to allure into the water with his enticing words.* Further on, on that green sward where several roads meet, seven young maidens, all in white with dishevelled locks, dance to their own singing round the cross erected there. Then again, a filthy deformed creature sometimes crosses that dark path panting for breath, to go and prowl around the quiet houses in the country; dogs will not bark before him, and his skin is proof against musket balls. . . . As we proceed he says to me: ‘ Do you hear those long soft sounds like the winding of a horn, and voices confused by the wind? That’s *the bad hunter* going through the air, pursued by his own

* This tradition of the King of the Alders is the subject of a very pretty elegy of Goëthe.

pack in full cry, always ready to tear him to pieces.*

“ In listening to these accounts, I regret that some barren arguments should have robbed me of the ideas comprehended in them ; but if my reason refuses to admit them, my imagination yields to them, and, pleased with the mysterious charm they create, keeps me open to lively and novel emotions, the only ones, perhaps, the source of which education has not dried up in my heart. At these moments, if a wood-pigeon, awakened by the noise of my horse's trotting, rustles suddenly among the branches of a tree ; or if the knotty and bare trunk of an old willow presents itself unexpectedly before me, standing alone, a shivering comes over me, my hairs stand on end, my heart beats violently, and I ask myself, with a kind of indecision, which is the deceiver—my reason which rejects all idea of the supernatural—or my imagination, which impresses those ideas on me by such powerful emotions ? ”

* The *Bad Hunter* is a story to be found in almost all the countries of Europe. According to the German poets, he was an impious man, who, when he was hunting in a forest, went on horseback into a chapel, where a priest was saying mass ; by a punishment from heaven his hounds and his huntsman turned upon him, and have never since ceased hunting him. The peasants of Berry call this tradition, *La chasse à Ribaud*.

Here I stopped : the Doctor had listened to me without interruption ; but his silence had more the air of surprise than of attention.

—" My dear Joseph," said he, " what are you going to do now ?"

I.

" I am going to walk in the Tuileries."

HE.

" I advise you to go home, and avoid speaking too much, for it exhausts you, and your health is far from being robust. Good b'ye. . . . Tell your father that I will breakfast with him to-morrow. Good b'ye."

He turned from me, and walked away at a quick pace. I was struck with the kind of pity, which I thought I saw in his looks, and with the tone of sorrow in which he had spoken his parting words. Though I could not at the time account for his strange manner of getting rid of me, it did not appear very civil, and my thoughts dwelt long upon it in spite of me.

CHAP. III.

THE NEXT WEEK.

I WOKE early ; my windows were shut, but the first rays of the day had broken into my room ; I lay warm and comfortable, prolonging, with my eyes open, one of those pleasant dreams that soothe the mind. By degrees I left off dreaming to plunge into reveries ; free from external impressions, I could choose the subject of my thoughts, and I examined my soul respecting its nature, its destiny, its eternity ; I was full of vague hopes, and I called Reason to the assistance of my imagination, to strengthen in me that belief which I had instinctively conceived, and to which so many of my conjectures, reflections, and sentiments referred. I shall not always be chained by earthly ties, said I : death will one day deliver me from them, and I shall spring into a better world, to enjoy in reality all those visions of felicity and grandeur which seem to elude me here.

If I am shocked at the triumph of evil, it is because the idea of good is inherent in my being ; if

misfortune thwarts and grieves me, it is because I am of a happy principle; and as justice and the Divinity are inseparable in my mind, if I have been thrown upon the earth, it is because I committed some fault, because I deserved the punishment of life.

Having entered upon this thought, I dwelt with delight on all the consequences which flowed from it. Sleep having recruited my organs, my conceptions were strong, and had the features of reality, which seemed to bear conviction. I conceived myself inhabiting, before I was born, one of those brilliant stars that serve as a centre to a planetary vortex; I was a citizen of the Sun; there I swam in the waves of light, and was intoxicated with the harmony of the stars. But I soon contaminated my purity by a criminal disobedience; I thought I heard the great Jehovah thundering the sentence of my exile, limiting in his justice the duration of my captivity, and proportioning to the extent of my fault, the number of organs that were to lighten my chain.

I saw myself plunged within the flanks of a mortal, entering life amidst sufferings, proclaiming by cries and causeless tears the uneasiness of my new condition; I saw myself shut up in the narrow cells of that box of bones called a cranium, still possessing that incessant activity, which is a

property of my divine nature. Anxious to move, I began to try to make myself master of the matter which encrusted me, I seized upon all my organs, I learned to make use of them; I secured all the sinews and filaments that move and work the machinery of my bones and muscles; I acquired the management of all my fibres. I invented expressions, I formed a countenance, I improved all the means afforded by my earthy frame of animating myself, receiving sensations, and communicating with other beings.

Enjoying my acquisitions, I sometimes took pleasure in contemplative indolence, that rest from power, that image of the seventh day; sometimes exerted my power, and gave way to my will; sometimes gave the rein to fancy, without object, regardless of possibility, and I was proud of exercising my moral faculty beyond the material limits assigned to its action.

In succession I followed myself, in my reverie, to the state of old age, and I saw with pain my organs wearing out, my mortal covering yielding to the laws of matter, gravitation hardening my tendons, drying my fibres, contending with me for my limbs, and altering my features by attracting to the earth muscles which I could no longer support: a physical force insensibly retook all that a moral force had acquired from it; all the earthy parts of

me by degrees bent to the earth ; at length I fell, and death, bursting my frightful prison, restored me to my primitive liberty. Dear objects of my heart, who were delivered before me, I shall now join you for ever ; and you, my friends, whose term of exile is not yet expired, farewell for a short time, in leaving you I am certain that I shall see you again.

Such were the images which I was indulging, when I heard a noise in the next room: the door opened and my father came in. I was surprised to see him, for though the family regularly breakfasted at nine o'clock, he was not accustomed to have me called, still less to come to my room himself in the morning, and I always went down when I liked.

He opened my shutters, and then came to my bed-side : he had on his light maroon coat, and his new wig, which he wore on Sundays to go and dine in the *Bois de Vincennes* with my mother and sisters.

—" Joseph," said he, " a friend of mine has come to invite us to spend the day at his country-house ; it is delightful weather, get up, we are going directly."

I was amazed at this information, which carried with it something like a command. Without allowing me time to recover myself, my father threw

my clothes on the bed, saying: " Make haste and dress yourself, we will come for you in a quarter of an hour." With these words he went out.

All this was so inconsistent with the habits of my father, with his manner of treating me, with his regular course of life, that I was lost in conjecturing how to account for it.

A friend of his has invited us. . . . Who may this friend be? How came I to be included in this invitation ; I, who have no connexion with my father's friends, who am never in any of his parties of pleasure, or ever appear in the company he keeps ; I, who pass with the intimates of my family for one of those unsociable beings who are never pardoned for not taking pleasure in the circle in which they were born, and whose *ennui* is deemed a supercilious coxcombry.

Again, my father's leaving his business on a week-day to go into the country, was a thing that had never before happened. Then he had appeared long to have made it a rule to allow me to lead a life according to my own ideas, and never to speak authoritatively to me.

From these reflections there resulted a melancholy presentiment, that made me have recourse to my principle of indifference ; yet I hurried on my clothes, as my father had desired it, and as his

will had abruptly intervened where mine was habitually deficient.

I had just done dressing myself when I heard his voice on the stairs ; he came in with a middle-aged man, who had a high forehead, a grave appearance, and an inquiring eye. I was rather pleased with this man.

My father showed him into the room, and said :
“ This is my son.”

The stranger bowed, looked at me steadily, and with a kind of concern which surprised me.

—“ If you are ready,” said my father, “ we’ll go.”

I replied that I was ready.

We went down.

Going through the back room I saw my mother, who embraced me more tenderly than usual ; she pressed me very warmly to her bosom, and ran out.

I passed on to the shop, where the clerk kept his eyes fixed upon me.

I did not see my sisters.

The maid servant, who went to the door with us, had a long face and red eyes.

All this had the look of a funeral.

The carriage into which we went had nothing of elegance about it : it was a large coach, with a tolerable good lining ; the horses were black with flowing manes, and the coachman had not on a livery.

We had hardly got into the *Rue St. Antoine*, when the stranger asked leave to lower the blinds, being just recovering, as he told us, of an ophthalmia, which had left his sight weak, so that he could not endure a great light. The blinds were let down.

There was a dead silence for a long time; my father seemed deeply affected at something; he every now and then sighed, and his countenance betrayed anxiety as well as sadness. The stranger kept his eyes constantly on me. It was impossible for me not to see something mysterious in all that had been passing: at first I endeavoured to account for it; but, not having sufficient grounds to reason upon, my wavering thoughts soon took another course, and carried me I know not whither. Nothing was less in my mind than my extraordinary situation, when the stranger spoke.—“ Do you love the country, Sir? ”

This question, which was addressed to me, puzzled me, as it was badly put—What is understood by the country? Does it mean free nature, and the sublime thoughts which it inspires, or villas, and the frivolous diversions which men of the world go there to seek? Had I been acquainted with the stranger, this ambiguity would not have existed; but while in his countenance I discovered something intellectual, indicating a man

living according to spiritual perceptions, his connexion with my father led me to think that he lived according to the world.

I remained some time undetermined between these two senses of the question. At last I resolved to take it both ways: "I do. . . and I do not," replied I.—My father immediately looked at the stranger, and sighed.

I went on.—"I love mountainous countries far from highways—I love rocks, heaths, uncultivated grounds; and I dislike large fertile plains (*another sigh from my father*), woods imprisoned in walls, straight avenues, *jets-d'eau*, gardens combed and cut into shapes, and what the gentry of Paris call handsome country-houses." I had scarcely made this distinction when I was struck with the impropriety of it, for it clearly enough said, that I despised the pleasures to which I imagined myself invited. I attempted to repair my error, but I did it awkwardly. The stranger did not understand my motive, and all I gained by it was to involve myself in a contradiction.

From that time the conversation was carried on between the stranger and my father, without any endeavour to take me into it: it turned upon business, the price of commodities, the public finances, the operations of the Bank, and harvests. My father's sadness increased as we proceeded; he

sighed more frequently, and his eyes filled with tears. The stranger seemed to respect his grief, and gave over speaking to him.

Meanwhile the horses trotted on, and time passed away. Though I had nothing to indicate the road we had taken, I found, by the easier motion of the carriage, that we were out of town and on a sandy road; and afterwards I judged by the decrease of the light which the blinds admitted, by the rumbling of the wheels, the frequency of the jolts, and the rapidity with which we moved, that we had entered a narrow street with very high houses, that the street sloped, and was badly paved.

At length the carriage stopped.

“ We are arrived,” said the stranger.

We heard the creaking of an iron-gate turning on its hinges; the carriage again moved forward, and the folding gates re-closed with a crash—the noise of it vibrated to my heart.

The coachman opened the door and let down the step: the stranger went out first, then my father: I followed. I had been longing to see I cast my eyes round me We were in a square court, three sides of which were occupied by spacious buildings; on the fourth were the porter’s lodge and the iron gate, through which was seen a very broad road, and beyond it a river, the banks of which were shaded by a row of old willows.

The building at the bottom of the court had a wide terraced balcony on which there were flower pots. More care and attention seem to have been paid to this building, as appeared by the many additions which seemed to have been made one after another in the course of a long possession. The other buildings were in a good state; but there was this difference between them, that the one had the appearance of being under the care of the owner, while the other two looked as if attended to by persons hired for the purpose. On the whole, there was an air of utility throughout which excluded every idea of a country-house.

Having made these remarks I looked at my father; he was pale, trembled, and avoided my looks.

The stranger showed us the way into the house: we followed him up a shabby staircase; he led through several rooms, and ushered us into a sort of drawing-room tolerably well furnished. A large round table covered with a green cloth, on which were spread papers and registers, stood in the middle of this room, the very look of which imposed silence.

The stranger offered us seats, and asked me if I wanted to eat. This I declined, affecting great ease; not that the situation in which I was appeared to me to be without danger; but the more singular and alarming the mystery of every thing

around me, the more I thought it right to be indifferent. However, though my soul entrenched herself in a Stoical carelessness, my body was in a state of fever which made me ashamed of it; the least unexpected noise which suspended my will for a moment made me shiver all over, for which I the next moment despised myself. As for my father, he struggled not only to subdue his grief, but to conceal it from me. A servant coming in to inquire if any thing was wanted, the stranger said to him: "Send Mr. Michael here." He then addressed me thus: "Sir, if you wish to walk, we have a very fine garden here; I have sent for somebody to show it you. In the mean time your father and I will settle our affairs.

Though this was said very politely, the stranger accompanied it with a look in which I observed a sort of authority. On my part I made a bow of compliance, which probably had some submission in it.

Mr. Michael, who had been sent for, now came. He was a man about fifty years old, in dirty clothes; he had an aquiline nose, lank hair, and swarthy complexion. There was a marked inferiority on his brow and in his eyes, which could not be wiped away in my opinion by the affected air of respect with which he was received by the stranger.

The latter, having bestowed upon him some common-place civilities, which he took as not being

due to him, went with him into the next room, where they remained closeted about ten minutes, and then returned, when the stranger said to Mr. Michael: "That gentleman wishes to walk in the garden ; do me the favour to bear him company."

I rose, bowed to the stranger, and looked at my father, who could hardly refrain from sobbing.— I pressed his hand in a manner that showed I felt for him, which seemed to increase his suffering.

I followed Mr. Michael ; but he was scarcely out of the drawing-room, or office, or cabinet (for I do not know even now what name to give the room where we were received), when his subordinate and respectful mien vanished, and gave place to an air of liberty, which indicated a right as well as his intention of putting himself at his ease with me, and of treating me familiarly.

Two things occurred to me : the one was to set Mr. Michael talking ; the other to take a lofty and reserved tone with him, so as to disconcert his impertinence, and keep him in his place. The former was strongly supported by my curiosity, for I did not doubt that a quarter of an hour's conversation with a man like him would make me master of him and of his secrets : the latter my pride called upon me to adopt ; in the first place it maintained between me and my garden companion a distance, which I thought it had been intended

rather despotically to do away; and lastly it was in harmony with that determined indifference which raised me in my own opinion, and rendered me superior to human organization. It will be readily guessed that the latter considerations carried the day, because they were really the nobler.

CHAP. IV.

THE MAN FOR CONSPIRACIES.

I FOUND myself in a large garden, well kept up, where the useful and the agreeable were mingled with skill.

I breathed with pleasure the air of the surrounding vegetation.

My guide said to me:—"You see you have room enough here to walk about, and that you will not be at a loss for society."

In fact, I did see in the garden about thirty persons of both sexes. Some were going and coming in all directions; others were standing in the sun talking together; there were women at work, and several young people reading in the retired walks.

This view raised no precise idea in my mind.

I knew so well how to compose my countenance, and I put on so rough and inaccessible an air, that Mr. Michael gave up all idea of conversing with me. At first, he walked at my side, bating nothing of his expansive disposition; he then let me go on a little before him; and before we had gone twenty yards he followed me at a respectful distance.

Walking in this manner, my hat off, my arms folded, and my eyes fixed on the ground, a person who was passing near me, turned out of his way to accost me. He gave me a mysterious tap on the shoulder, and looking askant around him said to me in a drawling hollow voice :—" We are lost."

I was so unprepared for such an address, I had such a weight at my heart, and my imagination, in spite of me, was besieged by so many fantastic terrors, that this doleful voice rung along my nerves, and shook them like the string of a lyre vibrating to a sympathetic sound. By an operation of my memory, quicker than lightning, all the sinister appearances of the morning, the embrace of my mother, the stare of the shopman, the long face of the maid, the letting down of the blinds of the carriage, my father's sighs and tears, all flashed at once upon my mind, and entirely put my ideal system out of my head. I suddenly fell from heaven to earth; my hair stood an end, my blood froze in my veins, and I felt all the powers of my being roused against the thought of my destruction.

I stared wildly at the man.

—" We are lost," he repeated : " the ground on which we stand is undermined, there are barrels of gunpowder beneath, and they are now setting fire to the train." This unexpected intelligence, and the terrified look of the person who gave it,

produced all at once in my legs and soles of my feet that kind of cold fit one feels at the top of a lofty tower, when the eye takes in the space one would have to fall through from such a height.

—"If so," said I with alarm, "we should go from the spot."

—"You are right," replied he.

I did as I said. Impelled by some blind power, I set out running as fast as my legs could carry me, across the garden, jumping over the espaliers, trampling upon the flowers and vegetables, leaving deep prints of my feet in the fresh-turned earth of the beds and borders, expecting every instant to be blown up into the air in a whirlwind of fire and smoke. The man ran as fast as I did; and Mr. Michael, who was not nearly so swift of foot as we were, followed us at a distance, roaring with all the force of his lungs, "Stop, stop."

His cries turned upon us the attention of some men who were at work in the garden. They left what they were about to run after us; and as I had in fact no other object than to remove myself as far as possible from the spot where I thought the mine would spring, I stood still when I got to the wall of the enclosure, very indifferent about being overtaken by those who were running after me. They were soon up with me, when they

seized me, some by the collar, some by the arms, and had the less trouble in securing me as I had begun to come to myself, and to be shocked at my cowardly terror ; and had I been free, would have returned to the spot I had left, praying with all the fervour I could for ascension by the thundering explosion, the idea of which had so shamefully terrified me.

I, accordingly, made no resistance, and was begging the people who had got hold of me to spare me unnecessary violence, when Mr. Michael came up.—“ You are not rational,” said he to me ; you are wrong to be mischievous. Look at those gentlemen and those ladies ; they behave better than you. Come along with me to your room ; you want a little rest.” Saying this he took hold of one of my arms, and told the gardener to take the other.

In spite of all I could say to assure them that I would go wherever they chose, I was obliged, as I did not wish to come to blows with them, to submit to be taken across the garden like a criminal in the way to jail.

My companion in the race was far from showing the same resignation ; his fury increased his strength ; four men could hardly hold him, and the imprecations he lavished upon them in the way were of so singular a nature, that, notwithstanding

the inconceivable obscurity in which my situation was more and more enveloped, I could not help attending to what he said.

—"Cannibals!" cried he, at times, "Blood-thirsty tigers! Have you got the better of us again? It is you again, ey! who have the power, and exercise it against us, and against all who have seen through your infernal conspiracy. It is absolutely determined then that you shall hang us to the lantern posts, that you shall repeat your horrid massacres! Well! here I am—why don't you cut my throat at once? Do it now, that I may no longer be cursed with the sight of you on earth." As he said this, he looked fiercely at them, with a countenance in which the excess of rage and hatred was painted.

We had hardly proceeded as far as the middle of the garden, when the master of the house, or at least he who had brought me to it, came up to inquire the cause of the noise. He asked Mr. Michael what new had happened.

—"This gentleman," replied he, has given us a chase; he set out running across the garden before I had the least notion of what he was about, and Monsieur de la Guichardière followed him; they have done a great deal of damage to the beds, and we have had the greatest difficulty in the world to secure their persons."

The stranger said to me very mildly, "Where were you going?"

This question increased my confusion still more. The more I composed my ideas, the more was I ashamed of having suffered myself to be so transported from them by an instinctive emotion. The more I recovered my moral faculties, the more was I humbled that my physical faculties should have such power over my organization.

The stranger repeated his question: "Where were you going, Mr. Joseph?"—"I know nothing about it" replied I; "ask this gentleman . . ." (*I turned my eyes to the person.*)

He asked me no more questions.—"Till the room he is to occupy is ready," said he to Michael, "carry him to Monsieur de la Guichardière's."

The sentence was immediately put in execution. I suffered myself to be led away without any resistance, impatient to be freed from dirty hands, which by their odious touch had defiled my clothes.

To form an idea of all that was passing in my mind, it is only necessary to think of the odd combination of facts in which I was involved. It should seem that on this day fortuitous events took an unerring course, and destiny became variable. So far then was abstract meditation from transporting me out of those rules of conduct called *good sense*, that it was the reverse; it was mate-



rial events, and their natural effect on my understanding, which misled me. I never was further from reason than when I followed its rules ; never nearer than when I relied on my ideal principles. So strange a state could not but injure the harmony of my organs in a considerable degree : at times I thought I was asleep, and endeavoured to wake myself ; at others I tried if my senses had their right perceptions. My mind, perplexed with doubts, roamed from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth, without finding a steady point to rest upon ; and the result was an excessive degree of uneasiness that absorbed my faculties. In short, I was afraid either to think or to act, and I fell into a kind of stupefaction, which, by those about me, might very well be taken for idiotism.

M. de la Guichardière and I were shut up in the same room. I expected to have been left to myself, and to be able to collect and arrange my ideas ; but I had not time for it : we were scarcely alone when my fellow-prisoner addressed me in these terms :

—“ You see, Sir, how we are with these traitors ; this is the way they treat all who can expose their infernal projects. I have been long aware of their plots, and they would have been all hanged, if my advice had been taken.”

I asked him what people he talked of, and what was the nature of the plot he had discovered.

—"Are you then," said he, "as blind as the rest? I will prove to you, as clear as day, that these people are rascals, and that we are all lost."

—"It is a vulgar saying," continued he, "that past experience is the inheritance of time to come; but that's not the case with us. Last year, some robbers, in league with the domestics of the house, set it on fire and pillaged us. You will suppose, perhaps, that the master had all the servants hanged. No such thing. You may think that at least he turned them all away—Not at all—he had only the most guilty of them hanged, and only turned those away who had a hand in the plot.—The rest he has let alone, and he trusts to people, who, notwithstanding they did all they could to prevent the pillage, are not a bit better than they who pillaged."

I asked him what reason he had to think that people who behaved so well at the time of the pillaging did not deserve the confidence reposed in them.

—"It would be rather difficult for me," said he, "to explain that to you; but it is not less clear that they were in league with those who were turned away; I prove it this way:—

"Every thing is contrived among them with

the greatest art : the gardener affects to keep the garden in order, and bring on his cabbages and lettuces ; the butler affects to take care of the cellar ; the cook, the footmen, the porter, affect to be very attentive to their duty ; all this to deceive their master, and lull him into confidence. In the mean time, the robbers have opened mines all about the garden and the house. Every one digs from his side and advances to the centre, where all the galleries meet, so that this ground, so well cultivated at the surface, is all hollow beneath. They have laid powder in all the galleries, the ramifications of which extend to the cellars. They will soon set fire to it ; and the explosion that will take place will produce the greatest ruin and confusion that ever was seen : the robbers will then rush in amidst the ruins, each with a dagger in one hand and a firebrand in the other. They will massacre all who may have fallen again on their feet ; they will bathe themselves in our blood ; they will gorge themselves with our spoils ; and the master, who was determined to see and to hear nothing, will be the first victim of his blindness."

—"How comes it," I asked, "that you did not apprise him of the danger which threatens him?"

—"Do you think," replied he, with a smile of pity, "that I have staid till this day to tell him of it! I have written more than twenty letters to

him on the subject ; but to what purpose ? They have so completely engrossed his confidence, that he no longer sees but through their eyes. The other day I told him plainly that nothing would go on well till he gave me the management of the garden : he did not even listen to me."

—"Are you skilful in gardening, then?"

—"I know nothing of it. But gardening is not the question ; the business is to prevent the blowing up of the mine, for which I have an infallible plan. You know the river runs about fifty yards from us ; now if I were allowed to act, I would turn it into the garden, which I would cover with a sheet of water, and drown all the miners at their work."

"I think," said I, "you would not find it easy to do that : the garden appears to me to be on the slope of a hill at the bottom of which the river runs ; consequently it would be necessary to raise it ten or twelve fathom above its level, and I know not by what means the course of the water could be so forced."

—"One would suppose," said he sharply, "that you had imbibed some of their principles."

I assured him that he was mistaken, and that I had never had any thing to do with those people ; but that the plot which he accused them of appeared to me so infernal, that I could hardly ima-

gine it possible ; that, besides, it was inconceivable that facts so easily ascertained, and which the slightest accident might discover, should have escaped the attention of all the honest people who live in the house, and who spent some part of the day in the garden."

—"That's quite absurd," replied he : "there is not one of all the honest people here who does not see the thing as clear as I do ; for those who say they don't see it are rogues in league with the others ; but if any one of us attempts to give the slightest information, his keeper collars him, and locks him up in his room for a week."

—"His keeper !" said I, with surprise—"What are keepers ?"

—"People," he replied, "who have pushed themselves into the confidence of the master of the house, and who, under pretence of keeping good order, have an understanding with the robbers to prevent us from hanging them : you see very well that they have all the authority, as they have taken both of us and locked us up"

I knew not what to think.

"Sir," resumed he, lowering his voice, "there is but one thing left for us to do : as the master of this place is determined to lose himself and us, we must save him in spite of himself.

“ You seem to me to be a worthy man, and I will trust you with a plan which has been in my mind for some days, the execution of which I have put off while I had a hope that some attention would be paid to my advice, but which I am determined to put off no longer, as to-morrow it may be too late. Mind me You see this candle ; we’ll cut it in two ; we’ll light both bits, one we’ll hide in this corner-cupboard, and leave the other burning on the chimney, to deceive the keepers when they come their round at night to take the lights away. When they are gone, and every body asleep, we’ll open the cupboard, take out our candle, and set fire to our beds ; then taking advantage of the fire and confusion that will follow, we’ll cut the throats of the keepers, and of all in league with the robbers.”

Though I had no precise idea of all I had been listening to, and though my imagination had been prepared for the most extraordinary things by the whole of the mystery in which I was hitherto enveloped, I own my mind was not yet exalted to so tragical a tone as to make the expedient proposed to me by M. de la Guichardière appear as natural to me as it did to him. I felt an inclination to smile, which however I struggled to curb, for I had to do with a man who would not have taken a joke on the subject well ; I therefore gravely

observed to him that his plan appeared to me rather violent ; and I asked him if he was not afraid that the fire might communicate with the powder, and produce the explosion he wanted to prevent.

“ It is nothing to me,” replied he hastily, “ if the explosion does take place, provided it is not done by the robbers : don’t you see that in this case it will be to our advantage instead of being to theirs, and that we shall gain every thing by getting two hours’ start of them ?”

I clearly saw that there was no turning him from his design, and I was at a loss what answer to make, when our conversation was broken off by a noise in the passage, and Mr. Michael’s entering the chamber.

—“ Sir,” said I to him, “ it is no doubt by mistake that I have been shut up in this room : no one has a right, nor do I suppose an inclination, to detain me here against my will—if I thought otherwise, I would request you to let me know where I am, and what is wanted of me.”

—“ Being brought here by your father,” said he, you may be sure no harm will be done to you ; so don’t be uneasy ; we will take the best care we can of you.”

—“ I don’t want your care,” I replied ; “ I consider myself free, and I insist upon your letting me out,

or letting me speak to the master of the house, that I may come to an explanation with him."

MR. MICHAEL.

"You can't speak to him just now, he is busy; but if you wish to ask him any thing, I will go and tell him exactly whatever you desire me to say."

I.

"I want to be allowed to return to Paris."

HE.

"That is impossible to-day; there is not a carriage in the country, and after the prank you played us in the garden, you are too much fatigued to be allowed to go so far on foot; but rest yourself here to-night; and some means will be thought of to send you home to-morrow, if you are determined upon it."

This reply, far from making me easy, raised feelings of indignation which I could hardly restrain from breaking out into bitter complaints against the ambush into which I had been ensnared. I was ready to threaten that I would bring down the vengeance of the laws on those who had thus deprived me of liberty, and basely violated with unmerited oppression the hospitality which had

been faithlessly offered me ; but, on the one hand, I was restrained by the fear of degrading myself in yielding to vile passions which would make no alteration in the resolutions that might have been taken in respect to me ; and, on the other, the thought of my father, whose share in what had happened to me was proved to me by his grief and tears, stood in the way of my anger, and converted my emotions into a religious resignation.

In this temper, all I asked of Mr. Michael was to be permitted to walk in the garden.

He promised to go and make my request known to *the gentleman*, and went out, taking great care to double lock the door and carry away the key.

M. de la Guichardière, who, during our colloquy, had kept within an embrasure of the window, apparently meditating on the nocturnal conspiracy, came up to me as soon as Michael left the room.

—“ Pray tell me,” said I to him, “ what this Mr. Michael is, and by what right he keeps us locked up in this way.”

—“ He is a traitor,” replied he in a low voice ; “ he is one of those appointed to watch us, and who have an authority over us which they make use of, as you see, to prevent us from discovering their plots ; but only think, Sir, of the blindness of the master. I informed him, a week ago, of all the machinations of those people ; and begged him, in-

stead of placing them over us, to appoint us to take care of them—My request has received no answer.”

I put some questions to M. de la Guichardière to try to learn from him how he had been brought into this house, and how long he had been in it, but I could make nothing of his replies.

Mr. Michael was not long gone ; he told me with a smile, that it was not *the gentleman's* intention that I should be thwarted, that his house was not a prison, and that I was at liberty to go into the garden if I pleased ; but that he begged me to conduct myself properly, and not run over the borders and beds again ; for if I did any more mischief to the garden, he should be obliged to forbid my walking.

I was a little confounded by this last observation ; but as I am never long angry, I laughed at it within myself, and went down stairs, glad enough to get rid of M. de la Guichardière and to return into the open air.

CHAP. V.

THE MUSTACHES.

IN the confused state of my ideas, it will be readily imagined that I did not seek the most frequented parts of the garden. I went into a narrow bye-walk, where, having the wall of the garden on one side, and high espaliers in the borders on the other, I thought I might walk unseen. It was not long, however, before I found myself mistaken, for I had scarcely gone fifty paces before I was stopped by the body of a man, who was lying flat upon his face across the walk—he had long mustaches, and in that position was eagerly watching a sort of chink at the bottom of the wall. He no sooner perceived me than, putting out his remaining arm towards me, and looking at me through the corner of the eye he had brought away with him from the wars he had been engaged in, he made me a sign, which, according to my interpretation of it, was as much as to say, “Stay a moment, and don’t make a noise.” Several reasons led me to comply. From the manner in which he lay, I must of necessity either go back

and choose another walk, which did not accord with my desire of being alone, or jump over his legs to go on ; and though of those two legs only one was alive, the other being of wood, yet the very act of stepping over a man had, in my idea, something derogatory and sacrilegious, which kept me back.

Then again I was curious to see what a man could be doing in this singular attitude. His mind was so bent upon his object, and he had in his look so much ardour and determination that I had no idea that more than a minute would elapse before I should receive the information from my eyes, or that I should have a longer time to wait before he would have the goodness to let me pass. Not seeing that my curiosity would be a gainer by asking the man what so attracted his attention, I fixed my eyes on the crevice in the wall, eager to know what was going to happen there.

Having stood full a quarter of an hour, during which neither he nor I moved in the least or uttered a syllable, I grew tired of standing stock still and silent ; and as his attention did not seem at all relaxing, I concluded that the man was gifted with a dose of patience, which might last us all day, and I therefore resolved to break through it, by begging him very politely to remove his legs a little, that I might pass.

He turned his head towards me, and, without the least hesitation, sprang lightly on his legs, though he had lost two members whose assistance I should have thought indispensable. He placed himself on one side of the walk in such a manner that I was obliged to pass before him. I went forward without looking at him, but gently inclining my head, as begging pardon for disturbing him. He did not take this politeness well ; for seeing me going on, he called to me very cavalierly : “ What ! you don’t mean to stop then and see him arrive ? I shall make a memorandum of this, and it shall be noticed in due time and place.”

I stepped back, and requested him to repeat his words, as I could not understand what he had said.

—“ Right ! right !” replied he, “ pretend not to hear.”

I gave him to understand, in a firm tone, that I was not a man to pretend ; that I did not comprehend what he had spoken ; that I thought I heard something was to arrive, but could not guess of what, or of whom he spoke.

—“ Where do you come from then,” said he, “ not to know that this is the great day ? . . . Look at that hole.” . . .

—“ I have done nothing else for this quarter of an hour.” . . .

—" You see that ray coming from it. . . . it will set the world on fire, and we are saved." . . .

I fixed my eyes on the man : he was tall, and pale, with knit brows ; and his rough and prominent mustaches gave his countenance a morose expression, that was not softened by the black patch with which his left eye was covered. His right eye, though quick, was not expressive, and seemed placed in its socket only to serve for sight. The cane he carried in his hand looked more like a weapon than a support : the connexion between his body and his mind was carried on so rapidly, that it was not easy to determine whether his thought regulated his actions, or his actions decided his thought : and his muscles were so active, so perfect, that he seemed to have acquired an almost despotic power even over the wooden leg on which he bore with all his weight.

—" We are saved," continued he ; " the great Ogre is coming back ; we shall devour five or six kings more ; and I am very much mistaken if I am not, before a month passes, in possession of the estate which he has promised me in the moon."

I found by this strange beginning that the poor man did not enjoy the free exercise of his reason. I had often meditated on his moral state, so improperly called *a disease of the mind* (as if the mind, which is nothing physical, could be diseased).



and which is really only the disease of the organs subservient to the mind. I conceived that madness might be more or less complete in proportion to the greater or smaller number of the organs injured, and that in such a case, far from madness being absolute, it might happen that a single deranged organ should support a train of ideas through a series of consequences just and rational as to themselves, and which would only appear irrational on account of the false principle on which they were founded. I concluded that, by once admitting this false principle, one might reason with a madman, understand him, and be understood by him, and that such a practice would throw much light on the nature of the soul, and on the relations that connect the moral order, which only the mind can perceive, with the physical order, the knowledge of which is submitted to our senses.

I therefore felt some pleasure in having an opportunity of ascertaining the truth of my observations, and I resolved to see what singular results might ensue from premises manifestly erroneous.

With this view it was necessary to grant to this man the existence of the great Ogre, because it was this concession alone that could lay open to me the principle that directed his ideas.

—"Sir," said I to him, "the arrival of the Ogre

gives me much pleasure; pray, tell me all that you know about him."

HE.

"What I know about him you may depend upon as fact: an hour before you came up I heard a mouse here. (*Pointing to the crevice in the wall.*)

I.

"A mouse! and what can such a little creature have to do with so great a personage?"

HE.

"How! don't you know that there is nothing but mice in his island?"

I.

"Well!"

HE.

"Well! they have dug a subterraneous passage for him; he is to come out at this hole, we will join him, and devour all we meet with. The sovereigns of the earth will league together to attack us, but we will devour them, and seize upon the moon, where he has promised me an estate."

I now perceived that the estate was the basis of

all the hallucinations of this person, and I accounted thus for the state of his mind :—

Among a great people there are always more noble and generous passions than society can find employment for. In a well-constituted state religion becomes the refuge of all those that find no place on earth ; when this refuge fails mankind, those passions group themselves in too great a number about two centres, useful, no doubt, but which, becoming too powerful, destroy the equilibrium and overturn every thing ; these are liberty and glory : the former re-acts upon social order and stabs it to the heart, the latter draws it out of its basis and dashes it to pieces.

This man was born a Frenchman ; he must do something ; he had heard religion decried and glory extolled ; glory therefore was his desire. He had neither genius nor education, and could not assume the lyre ; he had courage and strength, and he assumed the sword.

Vain are the tears of his country : Whither are you running ?—To glory.—There is not enough for every body.—There will be some for me.—He has had a share ; some millions of others have had a share.—But the country ? . . . Alas !

But what was this glory of his ? He had braved great dangers, killed many men, made long marches, crossed large rivers ; and he still saw

long marches to make, many men to kill, and dangers without number to surmount. His ideas wanted fixing, substantiating; in short, to have a firm ground. . . . The word *estate* was mentioned to him.—Dignities, honours, attached to the earth! —they are something—not so great as glory, but also not so vague; vanity is tickled, self interest awakened, there is now an object found for past fatigues and future exertions. It is not the country that has been served; that is oppressed and suffering; it is the man who gives the estate. . . . That man is pulled down and goes to Elba; away goes the estate with him: he returns; the estate re-appears; and now the question is between him and the country, and duty, and honour itself. . . . He carries the day, and the others are sacrificed. Again he is pulled down, and sent far from Europe—and the estate—gone to St. Helena.

This estate, however, has been dearly purchased: it has cost so much trouble, so much blood, such painful sacrifices; the national glory has been sullied, the country devastated and ruined—what good has been done then by the loss of an arm, a leg, and an eye? by becoming lame and blind? . . . No human brain could hold out against such an idea; hope rebels, and cries, “he will come again.” What! in spite of a hundred cannon, a distance of two thousand leagues,

a vigilant guard, a fleet, commissioners, Europe still armed, a thousand physical impossibilities? Well! what then? perish all the laws of matter! perish natural order! he will come back, in short, come back he must.

The organ of vanity has been destroyed. As the estate must return, and as nature is against it, the hope that goes to meet it must go out of nature. The Ogre, that mysterious personage, who is made to come down chimneys to frighten children, appears to the imagination as a terrible and powerful kind of genius, whose nature and actions are inexplicable. The island of St. Helena is peopled only with rats—What then! the rats must have been subjugated by the powerful genius? he must have turned them to account, for he had before turned Mr. Such-a-one and others to account.—It would be a miracle.—Is not all he has done miracles?—But the whole world will rise against him.—We will devour all that come in our way; for I must have my estate.—The kings of the earth will again combine.—We will devour them, for I must have my estate.—But, where is this estate to be given?—In a place very much out of the way, very wild, totally unconnected with the interests of France, with Europe, or the earth; for there the man who disposes of estates appears to have placed the object, and the term of

his conquests, namely, in the moon : so we shall take the moon by assault ; for my estate I must have.

It was in this manner I accounted for the hallucination of this man : his ideas appeared to me very natural ; and granting him, what it would not have been very easy to disprove to him, that in the situation into which he had been thrown by events, he must absolutely have his estate, I found that he was very regular in his conclusions, and that he had a right to be mad.

When we once find a key to an order of things, it is not difficult to comprehend all that flows from it ; thus with the foregoing reflections, I could very well account for the hostile state of this man, for his morose physiognomy, and even for his mustaches.

He had seen people, whose whole merit lay in the vigour of their arm, loaded with decorations and stars, and had inferred, that a man who had muscle enough in his arm to give fifty sabre-cuts an hour must be a very important personage in the state, entitled to the admiration and deference of all classes of society. This was consequently the kind of superiority to which his vanity aspired, and it was not difficult for him to obtain it, as he thought of nothing but that, and as the time which we employ in improving the organs of particular

sciences, was employed by him in improving the organ of sabre-cutting, that is to say, in exercising his arm. When his arm was well exercised, he felt a kind of proud confidence in it, which displayed itself in his features, and in his life, and he doubted not that he should produce on others the effect which the great sabre-cut givers had formerly produced on himself.

The more wit, knowledge, and elevation of soul there was in the persons with whom he met, the higher was the opinion he conceived of himself; he argued thus: This man knows a great deal, he speaks well....I could eat up four such; therefore, I am greater than this great man.

By a deduction of his ideas, when he was to give himself an air, for it was necessary to have one of some kind, he could think of none to take, finer than that which gave the look of a sabre-cut. With such an expression of countenance, he was sure to be in the right with most men, as there is no argument, however false, that a man cares much to refute, when there is a sabre-cut at the conclusion of it. His physiognomy, fashioned accordingly, was sour and sharp; acute reasoners had no inclination to run themselves against it, which was precisely what he wanted; for argument was not his fort.

This system of life served him very well while the reign of the sword lasted. The man was then, individually, what society was in a body; the air he had assumed was, if one may use the expression, a fraction of the public aspect; he conducted himself in respect to other individuals as the state conducted itself in respect to other states; in a word, his impertinence rested on the impertinence of the throne, and seemed the less misplaced as it triumphed at home and abroad.

This man was in the right in thinking himself superior to others, because, under a government of fact, physical force alone is really effective; all other powers are captives, and kept under; but when this government of fact was overthrown, when, instead of a man who was on the throne, a right was placed there, legitimacy; when cannon was again considered only as the *last* argument of kings, *ultima ratio regum*; when military merit no longer consisted in giving sabre-cuts, but in a just adherence to oaths; when, to obtain glory, it behoved not only not to bend before the enemy, which is not very difficult, but likewise not to bend before circumstances, which is far more difficult; in short, when moral courage, which preserves states, was exalted above physical courage, which takes towns; and when instead of a social order wholly material, wholly made up of men, there

re-appeared a social order wholly moral, wholly composed of things, this man, who clearly perceived that there was an end of sabre-cutting, said, "I don't understand any thing of all this."

The writer was not far out, then, who in a placard at the time in Paris observed, that recalling the Bourbons was signing the warrant of the army.

Go now, and say to this man: "Sir, that bluff face of yours is at present out of character; the French officers are now our friends and brothers, and no longer our masters. That blustering air is absurd amidst a free people; and ridiculous, as being no longer associated with the idea of a great public force; take my advice, and shave off your mustaches, which terrify little children." His answer would be: "I have spent twenty years of my life in composing this physiognomy: do you think I will go and spend twenty more in composing a new one?.....When I assumed this haughty bending of the brow, gave this settled boldness to my eyes, and taught my mouth to take this surly twist, it was then all as it should be; titles and dignities, and pulling off of hats attended these airs. Why is it no longer so? It is not I who am changed, but you; I have not deceived myself, it was then your own way of thinking. You tell me, it was a foolish way of thinking; I am sorry

for it; but as the appearance of my person is unquestionably its work, it is but just that you should put up with it: it must make a part of the public burdens. You ask me to cut off my mustaches; but they suit the general expression of my features, my eyes, the habitual contortion of my lips. If I give up one, I must necessarily change all the rest, or there would be something lame and odd in my figure, which would make me feel awkward; and even should I give up this appearance, tell me how, and with what should I replace it? Where should I find any thing to keep in view? You speak to me of country and legitimacy; it is probable that we do not agree on the sense of these two words. The legitimate sovereign is he who gives full pay: as for country, it is clear there is no longer any such thing, as there is no more fighting."

Giving these reflections their due consideration, I conclude, that if there is any one mad in all this, it must be fate alone, that permitted an order of things to rise upon the enslavement of reason, justice, and every moral power, and permitted, moreover, that all the elements of that order of things should survive its ruin, as it were living remnants of a body deprived of life. However, I hastened to leave this personage of another world. I made no attempt to undeceive him; I

respected his misfortune too much to weaken fancies which were his only consolation; and, far from depriving him of *his cap*, it would have given me pleasure if I could have added *another bell* to it.

CHAP. VI.

THE MAN FOR PRINCIPLES.

I CONTINUED my walk, with a heavy heart, vainly endeavouring to reconcile in my mind the justice of Providence with the cruel situation into which this unfortunate being was thrown by causes so independent of human reason. Meditating profoundly on the subject, the race of man, from the wrong course of the age, appeared to me as a caravan which had lost its way, and which was but the more involved in difficulties the further it proceeded. I saw this man, born during the journey, included from the first in the wrong direction which the caravan had taken ; I saw all his notions, all his ideas enveloped from their birth in the general error. What brave efforts ! What noble actions, noble in themselves, are directed against the common welfare, which they are meant to serve ! Stay ! unhappy man, exhaust not your strength in climbing over those parched mountains, expose not your life against the Arabs of the desert. Stay ! every mountain passed, every obstacle overcome, serves only to increase the difficulty of returning,

to render it impossible, to accelerate the ruin of all. Whose was the voice that could thus address him? It was the voice of the wise. Alas! the wise remained At length the journey is at an end: the mistake is discovered. You have lost your way, says the wide ocean, presenting its depths, instead of the view of a hospitable city.—You have lost your way, says the frightful desert, showing its burning sands.—You have lost your way, repeats death, extending his wings over the exhausted caravan.—And who has made the mistake? I dared not to investigate that: I chose rather to doubt my reason than Providence.—Who lives, will see, say the vulgar: who dies, will see, say I.

Hearing the sound of feet near me, I looked back and saw behind me a tall lean man, whose lively piercing countenance had a confident boldness which animated his decrepitude, and seemed to belie his grey hairs; his forehead and the obtuse shape of his nose gave an expression of sternness to his features approaching to imbecility.—“Sir,” said he, “you are lately arrived here; you don’t know all the people who live in the house: it is with an intention of being useful to you that I inform you that there are some whose society may bring you into a dilemma. For example, I was uneasy just now to see you stopping with that mustached-man: he is a great rogue”.

—"A rogue! you surprise me; I took him for an old officer."

—"So he is, and a man who would be broken alive on the wheel, if justice were better administered; for though our jurisprudence, like every thing else, is something the worse for our twenty-five years of follies, there is nevertheless to be found in the heads of codes which *the other* has left us, five or six laws which would be sufficient to send that fellow to the scaffold, if they were executed."

I.

"Has he robbed?—has he committed murder?"

HE.

"He has done all that."

I.

"Can he be the leader of some band of brigands?"

HE.

"Much worse: he belonged to one of those bands that laid Europe waste, and stole whole kingdoms."

This intelligence made me smile.—"Sir," said I, "you speak very harshly of men who have done great things, and rendered the French name illustrious by so many victories."

HE.

“ I never compound with principles.”

I.

“ But the principles of war are to kill the enemy against whom you fight ; and were the penal code to be applied to battles, no jury but must condemn the celebrated Duguesclin to death, for having premeditatedly killed a great number of English soldiers, and having, at the head of *companies*, forced the Pope to give him 200,000 francs, and afterwards grant him absolution.” *

—“ You are going from the question,” said the man for principles ; “ I know very well that war has a particular code, and is not subject to the criminal laws of the country ; but I maintain that the war code cannot be applied to this *soi-disant* officer, and that the murders he has committed are within the jurisdiction of the usual criminal courts: I prove it thus :—

“ It is clear that there is no carrying on war with-

* “. The Cardinal replied that as for absolution he promised he should have it, but as for the money, he did not answer for it. Duguesclin insisted ; and the Pope, having shut the gates of Avignon, saw from the windows of his palace the *companies* laying the country waste, in such earnest, that to prevent greater disasters, he was obliged to pay the sum exacted, and to give the absolution into the bargain.”—See P. DAN. *Hist. of Charles V.*

out killing, laying the country waste, and exacting contributions from the territories through which the troops pass. The general of an army, then, does at large what the leader of brigands does in small; and in this point of view a comparison would be in favour of the latter, for the multiplicity of crimes augments criminality: the difference then between these two characters is not in their actions, which are of the same nature, but it lies in this, that the general is acknowledged and authorized by a government, and makes war for the profit of that government, whilst the brigand leader is not acknowledged or authorized by any government, and makes war for his own profit: Now, do you pretend to say that they had a right to kill the king? ”

I.

“ It was a crime of the most horrible dye.”

HE.

“ If it was a crime to kill the king, the reason is that they had no right to do it; it was therefore only an act of violence committed upon royalty: now, as an act of violence is null in respect to a right, royalty did not cease to exist. All that has been done for five and twenty years without the king's authority is therefore illegal; now, Buona-



parte made war without being commissioned or acknowledged by the king ; he carried it on for himself, for France had no interest in his excursions into Spain and Russia ; Buonaparte is therefore a leader of brigands : now, as by our laws brigands are to be hanged ”

I.

“ Well ! ”

HE.

“ Well ! they must be hanged.”

—O reason ! said I to myself, into what strange contradictions dost thou often throw human weakness ! This old man is probably not wicked ; perhaps honesty, uprightness, and generous sentiments, are in his heart ; yet, relying on a chain of reasoning, which theoretically reaches heaven, but is connected with the earth by a gallows, he only wants executioners to sweep nearly a whole generation from off the surface of France. Whence comes this strange inconsistency between the feelings and the reason of this man ? Is it that reason and feeling are separated ? Let us beware how we pronounce so terrible a sentence

There is a moral universe composed of immutable truths, of occult and eternal beings, and of

which the physical universe is the material representation. Such are ideas, represented on earth by things; souls, by living bodies; numbers, by objects, &c. This moral universe has its laws, its combinations, its movement, which matter blindly follows. Actions, events, are the necessary results of a moral operation, dependent on our free will when it is the work of the soul, the moral part of man, and entirely independent of us, when proceeding from a principle beyond our essence: thus, man may do a good or a bad action, but he cannot make two and two five, because numbers are pre-existing beings, over which he has no power.

We have two means of discovering this moral universe: feeling and reason. Plato and Aristotle have both attained to the sublimest truths: the former solely by the efforts of his soul which bore him to their abode, and enabled him to communicate with them; the latter by the light of his reason, by experience, and a talent for minute examination which led him from effects to causes, discovering to him their nature and their secret combinations.

In the primitive state of nations, the notions of a God, of an immortal soul, and the ideas of good and evil, originate in feeling. Among civilized nations, it is reason that leads to the discovery of those principles, and it is the interest of society which determines their adoption. If men unite to

form a settlement in a new country, the new society will make its own laws ; each individual will have an equal right to the benefits of the association ; each will bear the burdens of it in an equal proportion : each will be free within the limits of the law in the establishment of which he had concurred. Such also would be a society which in a long political existence should have experienced the rise and fall of all that was foreign to its nature ; slavery, tyranny, usurpation, the interest of conquests or feudal tenure, in a word, whatever comes in *de facto* amidst natural rights, whatever is perishable amidst what is eternal ;* so that the life of a nation resembles a curved line whose two ends meet. From the *Malberges* and the *Champs de Mai* to our Legislative Assemblies, it is hardly to be believed that there has been the lapse of fifteen cen-

* It is to be observed that hereditary royalty makes part of the natural basis of public government, from the hereditary descent being the result of the original will of the society, and the only bulwark against violence. Annul this descent, and nations become degraded into flocks which the first comer may seize upon, if he happens to be the strongest, and keep till another stronger than he takes them from him. Restore the right of inheritance, you will have, not a man above other men, but an institution linked with other institutions. Admirable is the effect of legitimacy ! Under a government *de facto*, man is debased in serving a master ; in a government *de jure*, he is dignified by serving his king.

turies which we have run through.* But if a state of high civilization approaches the state of nature, the space between them is marked by every kind of absurdity and folly. When men begin to be sensible of the power of their reason, they cease listening to their feelings. Whatever they do not comprehend sinks with them into nothing; and in their haughty impiety, rather than allow their own understanding to be limited, they set limits to the power of the Creator. Hence that poverty of the mind called *incredulity*; hence that arid scepticism which substitutes calculation and selfishness for the spontaneous flowing of the soul, for enthusiasm, and the riches of the imagination; hence too that irony, that pride of nonentity, last melancholy result of the corruption of the judgment, which applies esteem to what is sad and miserable in us, and contempt to what is noble and beautiful in the universe.

It is at this epoch of demi-civilization that men, enlightened enough to perceive the principles of good and evil, but not enough to know with certainty all the tendency of those principles and their secret combinations, are subject to errors, the more formidable as their passions may favour the deviations, and as the consequence which they see is

* See Note I. at the end of the volume.

often separated by morals from the principle whence they set out.

Such was the situation of the person to whose singular reasoning I was listening. The principles which he took for his rule were of unquestionable truth; but he deduced absurd consequences from them: strange presumption of the human mind, which determines every thing amidst vague and subtle theories, and pretends to be master of reality where the Eternal has surrounded us with doubt and uncertainty.

But however irrational the conclusions drawn by this man appeared to me, the effect they produced on me was unfavourable only to his mind, and by no means to his character. I smiled at seeing a head over which sixty years had passed, still possessing that youthful confidence which doubted nothing, and that vigour of mind which would resolve even impossibility.—“I never compound with principles,” were his words.—And what are those principles of which he was so tenacious? They are those which form the strength of empires, the safety of society, the glory and the happiness of nations. It was no base passion that retained him under their banners; but honour and virtue which he had identified with them. For them he had left his country, silenced his affections, abandoned the inheritance of his fathers to spoliation and pil-

lage ; for them he had wandered twenty years over distant lands, borne the regret of exile, the agonies of want, the mortification of refusal, the humiliation of charity. What courage must he have had to persist in believing what so many facts, so many miseries, had conspired to invalidate. How heroic the constancy that preserved him from bending, with the whole of Europe, before the triumph and long duration of the evil ? Shall he not be allowed to sacrifice to these principles sentiments of humanity in regard to others, he who sacrificed to them all that regarded himself ? In short, has he not a right to put an end, by an awful sentence, to all the timid considerations which keep men wavering between the principles they adopt, and their consequences, which frighten them ?

Strange impulse of the human frame ! I was upon the point of admiring this man—yet I should certainly not have given my vote for returning him a member of the Chamber of Deputies I should even have trembled to see him invested with the authority of a village constable.

CHAP. VII.

THE MAN FOR A SALAD.

WHILE I was engaged with these reflections, he who had given rise to them, interpreting my silence in favour of his logic, and believing me persuaded, had gone on, leaving me to continue my walk alone. Soon after, I saw him, at a little distance, very earnestly engaged in conversation with a man who had accosted him, and whose language seemed so pressing and troublesome as literally to have pushed him bodily back, within a few paces, to the place where I had stopped, so that I could hear their discussion.

The man for principles said, with a look of indignation and contempt: "What! I have any thing to do with those scoundrels! men who have carried fire and sword through France! Men who glutted themselves with pillage for five and twenty years, who burned down my house, robbed me of my fields and woods, murdered their king, assassinated my relations and friends! I would rather die than be closer to them than the length of my sword."

The other said, with much mildness, a soft smile, an open countenance, and a benign look, which endeavoured to be insinuating: "Listen to me, my good Sir, don't put yourself in a passion, I beseech you.... Think no more of all that; we are all Frenchmen: we must all love one another as brothers; we must sink our resentments in an equal love of our king and our country; we must put an end to our follies and sad dissensions; you must not be angry with those gentlemen for selling your estates, and putting your relations to death: they thought it would turn out well.... They were mistaken, and that error is the extent of their guilt. Let us mutually forget the faults which we have committed on each side."....

—"I have committed no faults," cried the other with new transports of rage.... "I defended my king, and the estates and rights which descended to me from my father; it was not I that was mistaken, and it is proved that I was not, by your returning at last to my principles, after haughtily deciding that they must be got rid of, and others adopted in their stead. What have you done in France with your fine doctrines? You killed your king to destroy legitimacy; you plundered and defaced churches to destroy religion. Idiots that you were, you only destroyed men and stones; things remain what they are in nature

as you were not able to reach them, they rise against you with their code, in which your actions are entered as robbery, outrage, and murder. You are, then, brigands; for people who destroy churches and murder kings are brigands wherever there are kings and churches; it is reason, therefore, that condemns you, not men; it is that too that says you must be hanged, it is not men; and as reason is above men, and its decrees exist independently of their application, it appears to me from all this, that you are already hanged *de jure*, and only waiting to be so *de facto*: now I do not keep company with people that are hanged."

—"Sir, Sir," replied the other, "the people you speak of are not so guilty as you say: it is not their fault that they did not entirely destroy religion and royalty; they left nothing undone for that purpose. Besides, Sir, they are no longer the same men: they have acknowledged their errors. See how they showed themselves supporters of territorial rights, when they became possessed of houses and lands. See how they showed themselves supporters of nobility and distinctions, when they were created nobles; see how silent they became, when they had their mouths full; see how they laid aside those false doctrines of liberty, to assist Buonaparte in enslaving France: did they ever take upon them to

refuse him a single conscript or a single franc? Did they attempt to take advantage of the title of representative of the nation to repeat their follies of the constituent assembly and of the convention in the legislative body and senate? Do they still speak to us of an Agrarian law and the division of lands? Were they not the most pliant, the most humble of the emperor's subjects, they who had proclaimed such haughty independence? In fine, don't you see at this time such of those gentlemen as have succeeded in obtaining employments, show themselves the most obedient servants of the king, and the readiest to do whatever may be agreeable to his ministers? . . . Forget, then, errors which they have so prudently forgotten. . . . And do not persist in considering them as hanged, since they have in a manner metamorphosed themselves, and taken a new form to which the gallows is not at all applicable."

—"I consider them as hanged," hastily replied the man for principles, "for if they are not, I must be so. If those who have employments are silent about legitimacy, the devil loses nothing by that: besides, those who have not employments, which is the greater number, are not silent, not they; they shout together as loud as they can, that there is no legitimacy; now, it is very clear, that if the shouts can prevail against it I am a

brigand, as I fought for it on the Rhine and in La Vendée; if I am a brigand I shall be hanged at once *de jure* till I am hanged *de facto*: you see then that I cannot compound with principles, that those people are rogues, men whose existence is incompatible with mine, with that of society in general.”—“Allow me, Sir,” resumed the other; there is a way to reconcile all this. It was in the name of liberty and equality that those gentlemen committed all the follies which you may have to charge them with; it was in the name of legitimacy that you fought against them in the army of Condé, and in that of Laroche-Jacquelein: now, my good Sir, you have only to make a mutual sacrifice, allow the right of liberty and equality, which will justify all that those gentlemen have done against the monarchy and its partisans, and they will allow the principle of legitimacy, which will justify the war you waged against them: cry, *Liberty and equality!* and they will cry, *Legitimacy!*”

Here the man of principles became furious, and could hardly command himself. . . .

—“I,” said he, raising his voice, “I cry *Liberty and equality!* I adopt a rallying word which served as a signal for all the outrages that were committed! a word with which they struck off the sacred head of my king, overturned the altars,

drowned the ministers of God, hanged the nobles of the country, shot the emigrants! A word which the Vendean prisoners would not utter before the bayonets of their assassins! I become Jacobin when I have nothing more to lose, after losing every thing through hatred of those monsters! Nobody but a monster like them could have made me so insolent a proposal: avoid me for fear that I may not be able to restrain the horror I have always felt, and always shall feel, at rogues such as you." As he said this he turned on his heel, and walked away, continuing his imprecations against the peace-maker, who was trying in vain all he could to make him come back.

—"How passionate he is," said the latter, addressing me. "He got angry without cause, for I was talking to him in a very rational way, but he took it all wrong. Another day he will be better disposed, and I have great hopes I shall persuade him to make friends with those whom he speaks so ill of."

"The intention is very praise-worthy," replied I, "but I do not well see how you will put it into execution. It seems to me impossible to reconcile men, whom opposing interests of fortune and self-love render so hostile."—"There is nothing in that," said he; "they must be brought to love one another as they ought, that being necessary to

our common happiness. Should Frenchmen detest one another? Must not we put an end to all our dissensions?"

I.

"It is, no doubt, to be wished, that no more parties existed in France; but I fear there is no amalgamating elements so opposite in their nature."

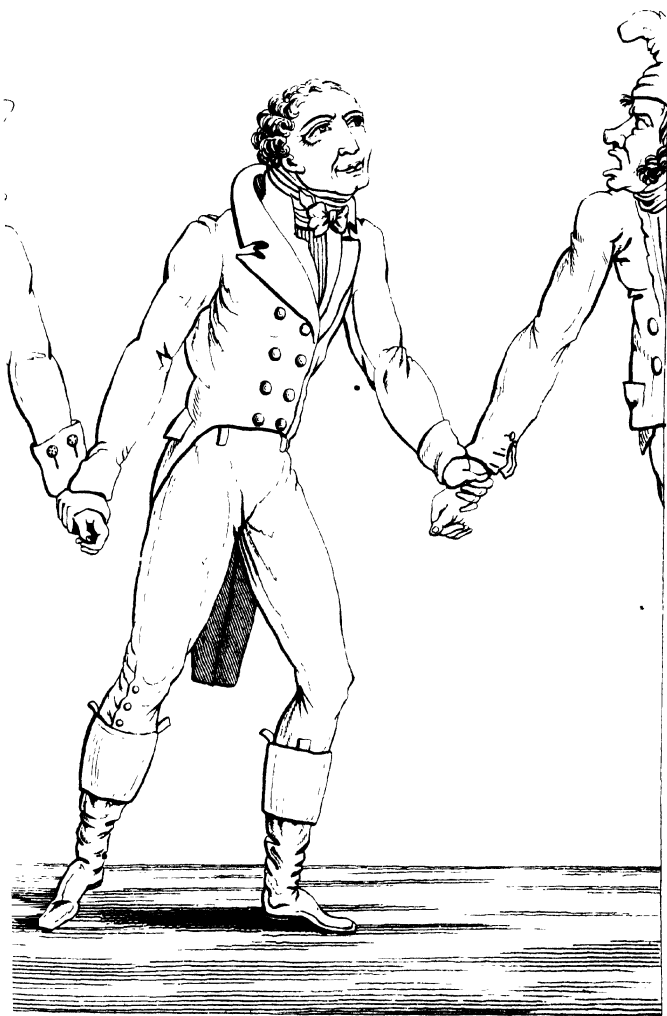
—"You are greatly mistaken," he replied, very seriously, "the most opposite elements often form an excellent amalgam: nothing is sharper than vinegar, nothing softer than oil, one would think it impossible to combine the two substances, yet with oil and vinegar we make salads, which are excellent eating. Now, out of the opposite opinions of these men I want to make a sort of political salad, which may be very good for us all. I have been labouring at this for some time, and I shall succeed, for I have just proved to you, that the thing is possible; the difficulty lies in bringing these men together. When one sees the other coming, away he flies; but I shall get the better of this aversion, which is not natural at all. I am going to reason with that officer you see yonder; I mean to urge upon him all that I have said to the other; he will be convinced by what I shall state to him. I will then bring the two men to-

gether ; then I will say to them, Love each other, they will ; then I will say, Shake hands, they will shake hands, and my salad will be made—You shall see.”

At these words he left me, and ran to the man with mustaches, who had resumed his position, and was again eagerly watching the crevice through which came the ray of glory. I slowly walked the same way, and went near enough to them to lose nothing of the answer made by the latter to the admonitions of the peace-maker.

—“ I !” exclaimed the old soldier, frowning and striking the ground with his wooden leg, “ I keep company with a Chouan, a brigand of La Vendée, a fellow who has robbed diligences, who for five and twenty years has conspired against his country, and borne arms against France, a fellow who has four or five sentences of contumacy hanging over his head, by which he would have been shot had he been taken ; a fellow that only made his appearance among the baggage of the Cossacks ! Sooner would I lose the other arm, leg, and eye left me than keep company with the enemy of my country ! ”

“ My good Sir,” replied the man for a salad, with his placid air, “ you are wrong in being so angry with that gentleman. Say he came back with the Cossacks ; it was because the Cossacks



cleared away the impediment which had kept him out of his country: there is nothing to blame in that; but you say he came with their baggage; in that case you cannot reproach him with having contributed to overthrow the order of things which you regret. You tell me he has made war against his country: that may be true, in the sense you give it, but not according to his ideas; we must judge of men as they are situated; his country he conceived was where his king was, it was the body of institutions and of principles of which the monarchy is composed, it was the moral country; he is not to blame that the physical country and the moral country were at war. He was condemned to death; I see nothing dishonourable to him in that: we all know that there may be very worthy men hanged in civil troubles. He has robbed diligences, you say: it is impossible to make war without taking funds which belong to the enemy: lastly, it is possible that they may have been wrong in not taking a post under the colours which you call *national*: in revolutionary times, believe me, the most clear-sighted are puzzled, all are wrong, and all are right. We must leave the past where it is, and forget the faults we may on both sides have committed."

—"Zounds! I have committed no faults," cried the man with mustaches; "I have not puzzled my

brain with all these distinctions of moral country and physical country, which I know nothing about; I have seen my country in France, I have fought for France against her enemies; and the proof of my not being mistaken is, that I should have been right if the enemies had not been strongest."

—"Allow me, dear Sir—" resumed the man for a salad; "undoubtedly you were not in the wrong when you fought against the troops of the high allies; but had you had the advantage over them, that would have made no difference as to your right: the gaining of a battle proves nothing, except that a general can play at battle better than his adversary. Take care in adducing the fact in your favour that it is not turned against you, that in saying you would have been right had you been the strongest, the inference is not drawn that you are wrong since you prove to be the weakest. But you were in the right in fighting for the physical country, and he was in the right in fighting for the moral country. Now that these two countries are again united, and the one is found in the other, you must also mix with one another: acknowledge legitimacy, which constitutes the moral country, and he will acknowledge liberty and equality, which were the principles of the Revolution. Come, Sir, cry *Vive le roi!* and I am sure he will cry *Vive la revolution!*" Here

the man with the mustaches could not help breaking out :—" I cry *Vive le roi !* Will the king take the moon by assault to put me in possession of my estate ? Hark'ee, let him order my pension to be completely paid up ; let him secure me esteem and consideration wherever I go ; let him send the nobles and priests out of France ; for you understand I won't share with Vendéans and abbés, with men who for five-and-twenty years have never ceased wishing me at the devil, with the honours and appointments I have earned with my sword ; let him roundly declare a good war against the coalition, that some brigade generals may be killed off, and I rise in one campaign to be a general of division, and then I will cry *Vive le roi*, and serve him faithfully. . . . that is, till I hear tidings of the great Ogre ; for, mind you, I am an honest man, and I could not forget what I owe to my general. I should be an ungrateful fellow if I did not acknowledge that it was he who made me what I am, and that I *eat his bread for fifteen years.*"

—" Allow me, Sir," answered the other,—" you seem to be too nice on the subject of honour. You say your general has made you what you are ; but you are perfectly quits with him on that point ; for it is you, and brave men like you, who made him what he was ; you gave your blood for him, he only gave you epaulettes and a ribbon ; you say,

that you have *eaten his bread for fifteen years* ; that is a mistake, it is he who has eat yours ; for you are a Frenchman, and he had no property but that of Frenchmen ; what you received from his paymaster monthly had the month before been taken from your father by the collector of your commune : so that it was France that paid you, as it was France you were understood to serve under him. You require that the king should send away the nobles and priests ; but the nobles are Frenchmen as well as you, and there is no reason for their going away more than you : as for religion, there must be one, you know, *to provide the country people with a place of amusement, as they have no playhouses in their villages*.^{*} You would have him pay you up your full pension, but it is physically impossible for him to do it : the king can dispose of money only in proportion to the taxes, and it is not he who imposes taxes, but the nation through the organ of their deputies.”

—“ Here’s a fine reason,” replied the old soldier. “ Had our Ogre any occasion for deputies to make taxes ? Was not the last franc his—and ours ? If the deputies refuse to vote, let the king order some companies of grenadiers into their chamber ; our Ogre did so It does not require so much

* The philosophic, religious argument of one of Buonaparte’s ministers.

to set all those perriwig'd pates to rights."—"Oh ! Sir !" ejaculated the peace-maker, half scandalized, "What is that you say ? Can the king do such an act as that ? Can"—"I see very well," said the other interrupting him, "I see very well that you are not a friend of liberal ideas ; but such ideas must triumph in spite of you, and of such folks as you. As for us who are liberals we do not wish to retrograde to the times of Louis XII and Henry IV ; we want a king who shall make us feared abroad *and at home*, a king liberal like us, and like the great Ogre ; and if you won't have him, we'll eat you up, do you hear ?—As the mustachio-man said this he darted a look sparkling with rage at the man for a salad, who, notwithstanding, did not consider himself as eaten up.—"Sir, Sir," said he, "you are far too good a Frenchman to think as you now speak ; I am sure that at the bottom of your heart you would be delighted to live on a good understanding with your countrymen the emigrants, and that you have no dislike at all to them : only make an effort to cry, LEGITIMACY ! do, Sir, do."—"Do you want to try my patience?" replied the other, in a voice choked by rage : "It becomes you well to insult an old soldier like me ; I don't know what keeps me from knocking you down ; but go, you have not long to hold such lan-

guage ; before the day is over I'll take care you shall be committed to prison by the Duke de Rovigo, you and the brigands who have sent you."—"Pray, Sir," said the peace-maker, "don't be angry." "Get out," cried the officer, raising his cane; "get out, or I will break your bones."

He would have done as he said, but the orator did not think proper to continue reasoning with him, and he came up to me, leaving him *tête-à-tête* with his crevice in the wall, muttering: "—This rogue would have me retrogade to the age of Louis XII, and Henry IV ; I'll teach him to attack liberal ideas !"

—"Well, Sir," said the dismissed orator, addressing me, "you have heard our conversation ; you heard how forcibly I spoke to that man, and must see how impossible it is with such arguments to fail in attaining the end I propose to myself."

—"I see that your intentions are the best in the world," replied I ; "but from the manner in which they have been received I conclude that you will never be able to effect them."

"Oh ! pardon me," replied he, "I shall effect them : I will let his first impulse of anger pass ; in a quarter of an hour I shall find him in a more favourable mood But I see yonder another kind of obstinate being ; I will go to him, and I

shall think it very odd if he does not yield to what I shall say to him."

With these words he left me, more astonished at the perseverance of his efforts than at their want of success.

CHAP. VIII.

THE SOVEREIGN.

SCARCELY was he out of sight when I perceived a man coming towards me from the opposite side of the walk, whom from his dress I took at first for one of the under gardeners. As he came nearer I thought I distinguished in his gait, carriage, and features, an originality that marked no profession or habitual pursuit. He was dressed in loose pantaloons very high, and a round jacket, both made of a coarsish grey cloth : his head, which was almost entirely bald, had a few lank hairs hanging at full length untied, an Indian silk handkerchief was negligently tied about his neck, and though there was an appearance of disorder in his dress, it was evidently the effect of study, and a certain pretension of not being indebted to his clothes for the important air he gave himself.

He walked quick, and was soon so near me that our eyes met, and it was impossible for me to turn in time to avoid his speaking to me.—“ Sir,” said he, “ you see before you a dethroned sovereign.”—At these words, which he uttered with great firm-

ness, I felt that kind of awful interest which great misfortunes inspire. I imagined him to be one of those northern princes whom the revolutionary spirit, or the lust of conquest, had deprived of his states, and whose spoils some powerful neighbours had shared amongst them; and I endeavoured to think of some consolation worthy of being offered to the august victim of the vicissitudes of fortune.—“Sire,” said I, as I hastily pulled off my hat in his presence, “however terrible the misfortunes your Majesty may have suffered, you ought not to despair: royalty, which you represent on earth, is above human fury and the caprices of fortune. Your throne may be taken from you, but your rights can never be lost; they will triumph sooner or later: we live in an age in which great examples warrant your Majesty’s indulging such a hope.”

—“It is just so I understand it,” he replied; “my rights are *imprescriptible* and sacred. They are at present denied, but I can make myself master of them again. Alas! I had done so, when Buonaparte conspired against me, and his conspiracy succeeded: he has gained nothing by it himself, but it has not the less consummated my fall.”

“I suspected,” said I, “that Buonaparte was no stranger to your misfortunes. Is there a throne in Europe which he has not shaken? But deign to inform me how it happens that the triumph of

kings has not restored to your Majesty the possession of your states."

—"That two words will explain," said he, staring at me with a look of the greatest simplicity. "I am the people."

This reply toppled me from my elevation. I saw that he who had raised me to it was mad, and I began to be struck with the derangement of reason more or less complete in all those with whom I had conversed since I came to this house. I laughed to myself a little at the respect I had felt for the dethroned sovereign, and I put myself more at my ease with his plebeian Majesty.

"I see," continued he, "that what I have said surprises you a little; let us sit down a moment on this bench, and I will enter into some details which will prove to you very clearly, both the antiquity of my rights, and how impossible it is that they should not triumph sooner or later." He then took me by the arm, and, making me sit down by him, began thus:

—"As I am every thing on the earth, I am infallible: what I will is just, solely because I will it; what I do not will is always unjust. I may say to-day the contrary to what I said yesterday, and I shall still be right; for I am not an individual, I am all the world; and when all the world is wrong all the world is right; when I was a little boy I

did not know this sublime truth ; kings sprung from my ignorance ; they bound me hand and foot with the chains they forged, and which they called *morality* ; they put a bandage over my eyes, which they called *religion*, and they led me by the nose. All this went on very well both for them and me during the first ages of my infancy ; to amuse me they gave me very brilliant rattles, which they called *glory*, and which kept me from crying. As I grew big my chains hurt me ; my nose, by continual using, at last began to wear out between the fingers that pinched it, and became so painful that the slightest touch was intolerable. This made me restive more than once, and I tried to free myself ; but at every effort I made I was beaten with my chains till I fell back motionless at the feet of my oppressors.

“ It was in this state of misery that I conceived an implacable hatred to kings, and swore their destruction. This secret resolution was called *conspiracy* : you shall have in a few words the historical progress of it, and hear how it was physically realized.

“ There lived in the thirteenth century, between Damascus and Antioch, an astonishing man of the family of the Arsacides : his name was Ehissessin*

* See Note II. at the end of the volume.

(of which Voltaire tells us the French made the word *assassin*): he was master of twelve towns in the country round Tyre, and from his palace being situated in the midst of mountains, he was called by the chronicles of the times, the *Old Man of the Mountain*. This worthy old man, generously feeling compassion for me, resolved to deliver me, and he passed his life in forming disciples whom he armed with daggers and sent to assassinate kings. These, alarmed with reason at his charitable zeal, sent out against him the Knights of the Temple, who carried on a long war against him without being able to destroy that first soil of liberal ideas. But in 1257 Ehisessin was killed by the Tartars, and the Templars annexed his possessions to their domains. Having then a more intimate connexion with the disciples of the *Old Man of the Mountain*, these informed them that I had a bandage over my eyes, that my hands were chained, and that twenty-five or thirty millions of men were stronger than one. The Templars, enchanted at this discovery, spread themselves all over Europe, where they made a number of proselytes, and enriching themselves at the expense of every government, were, in 1312, possessed of nine thousand seigniories. Such immense power, hanging over the heads of kings, and a sedition which they had set on foot in France, made Philip the Fair un-

easy, and he determined to destroy them. Pope Clement V, whom they had violently abused, leagued with the sovereigns against them. Those of Castille, Aragon, Sicily, and England, agreed with the King of France to exterminate them, and the project was executed.

“ On the 13th of October, 1313—observe the fatal influence of the number 13—the Templars were all seized in France; *Jacobus Molay*, the grand-master of the Order, was thrown into one of the dungeons of the Bastille. That great man, who has given his name to the sect of Jacobins, anxious that the excellent tradition of liberal ideas should not end with his life, created in the recess of his prison four mother lodges, namely Naples for the east, Edinburgh for the west, Stockholm for the north, and Paris for the south. He was burnt shortly after on the Pont-neuf, on the square where the statue of Henry IV was erected; and sixty-nine knights, after suffering the greatest tortures were burnt alive at the gate St. Antoine. At that time the four lodges created by Jacobus organized themselves, and the members took an oath TO EXTERMINATE ALL KINGS AND THE RACE OF THE CAPETIANS; TO DESTROY THE POWER OF THE POPE, TO PREACH THE LIBERTY OF THE PEOPLE, AND TO FOUND A UNIVERSAL REPUBLIC.—They were called *Masons*, because

they disguised themselves like Masons in order to recover the ashes of the grand-master.

“ The first operations of the association were to take off Philip the Fair and Clement by poison.—*Rienzi*, one of the first initiated, raised himself in Rome to the dignity of tribune, and was upon the point of resuscitating plebeian grandeur.—*Mazianello*, the Sicilian disciple, drove out the viceroy of Naples, and was very near effecting the triumph of liberal ideas in that great city. The superiors of the Jesuits also entered into the conspiracy of Jacobus Molay. Those good fathers rendered the greatest services to the sect. They caused Henry IV and Louis XV to be stabbed, they poniarded the stadtholder, Maurice of Nassau ; they poisoned the emperor Henry VII, with a sacramental wafer powdered, by the hand of *Monte-Pulciano* ; in short, their zeal was so active and indefatigable, that they had the merit of being declared, by decree of the Parliament of Paris, convicted of thirty-nine conspiracies and twenty-one regicides.

“ Other great men have engaged in working my deliverance with a devotion not less heroic. In the very hall where the Jacobins of Paris afterwards held their sittings, Mayenne caused the oath of the league to be taken. He assembled his confidants in subterraneous chambers, where, by way of preparatory exercise, they amused themselves in stab-

bing the effigies of Henry III and Henry IV. They were the same confidential agents, who, in 1640, directed the revolution of Portugal, after a most studied preparation of it for three years; it was they who proscribed Philip IV, and massacred Vasconcellos. Their participation in the troubles of the Fronde is attested by a medal of that period, which Gregoire, the deputy, presented to the Convention: on one side of it was seen an arm mowing down three lilies, with this inscription: *Telle est la moisson que donnera la vengeance*, "Such is the harvest which vengeance will give;" on the other side appeared a crown and sceptre broken to pieces. In the north, Brockaghif, the head of a chapter, caused a great number of German potentates to be poniarded by his disciples. The same Jacobins conceived in Russia the sublime project of founding the town and fortress of Gersum on the Black Sea, for the purpose of establishing a colony of confidential agents who would have subverted the throne of Catherine, if she had not prevented the blow by beheading three lords of her court who were at the head of that laudable plot.

"In England the Jacobin Freemasons* showed

* The Author cannot be a Freemason. Let the mysteries of Freemasonry be what they may, one thing is clear to all the world, that men of the highest ranks in society and of the most virtuous characters, as well as men of all parties, are among

themselves no less active. The Parliament was obliged, in 1428, to forbid them to hold a chapter. Elizabeth, who five times escaped their daggers, sent troops to disperse their meeting at York. In 1735 Derwentwater, their grand-master, perished in London under the knife of kings.

“So much perseverance, so many courageous efforts, such great devotion and heroism could not be lost in the sacred league of the people against kings: the blood of so many martyrs could not fail in the end to produce happy effects: the hour of vengeance struck with the eighteenth century, and France had the glory of displaying my triumph to the world.

“I shall not recall to mind all that was done to bring on that great day by the great Cagliostro, and by Saint Germain, who said he was five hundred years old, counting his age from the death of Jacobus Molay. Mirabeau, the Duke of Orleans, Robespierre, Cloutz, Danton, Dumouriez, &c. all leaders of the initiated, combined their efforts so well that they succeeded in breaking my chains; the plebeian purple was hoisted on the tree of the Jacobin Masons, and my sovereignty was proclaimed. The first use I made of my deliverance was to pull down

the Freemasons.—They who confound them, as a society, with Jacobins and levellers, must have strangely overlooked this obvious fact.

T.

to the ground that Bastille in which the great *Jacobus Molay* had suffered so glorious an imprisonment. I threw down Henry IV.'s statue that profaned the sacred spot on which the chief of the sect had perished, and I annihilated throughout France whatever could bring to mind the bondage which had blinded me, or the chains which had tortured me for so many ages. While these merry acts were going on, I felt the necessity of consecrating my eternal imprescriptible rights by institutions as eternal as themselves. I created the constitutional assembly. Pardon, Sir, the tears of tenderness which flow from my eyes, when I think of the profound wisdom, of the liberality, of that renowned assembly, and of the favours for which I am indebted to it. My emotion will appear to you quite natural when you reflect with me that my reign was never more truly established than by the wise Constitution it gave me

“ In fact, Sir, there were perhaps no men under the sun but the sages of the Constituent Assembly sufficiently enlightened to comprehend that, as I was a sovereign, I should have at least one subject, and that as only the king was out of the people, the king necessarily must be my subject. It was in consequence of this sublime conception that they put the chains which I had worn upon the king, and reduced him to the impossibility of doing any

thing but my will, or of existing any way but according to my will. They had therefore established things in their natural state, and it is probable that I should have been still a sovereign in the full extent of the word, if the avengers of *Jacobus Molay* had not cried out against kings still louder than the Constituent Assembly.

• “ Here, Sir, I must own to you, that although I can never be wrong *de jure*, I was in the wrong *de facto* for listening to the brothers and friends. They desired me to take notice that although my eternal and imprescriptible rights were exercised in all their plenitude, the object of the association was but half accomplished ; that the oath included the extinction of the Capetian race and the death of every king, and that I should not be acting fairly to myself not to revenge the death of so many generous conspirators whose blood had watered the tree of liberty : in short, they gave me to understand that the triumph of liberal ideas could not be accomplished while there existed a single king in Europe, and that it was my part to strike the first blow. I yielded to their demand the more readily as I had retained a good dose of rancour against my old master. I therefore took advantage of the first disobedience of my subject to put him to death ; and in the *Place de la Revolution* was consummated the vow of the grand conspiracy, which for

five centuries had never ceased proceeding towards its object, in defiance of the scaffold and the stake.

“ I now entered upon a new kind of life, which taught me strange things respecting my nature and true character. While my hands and feet were tied, my eyes blindfolded, and my nose pinched, I thought the secret rage in my heart sprung from the cruel state in which I was kept. When my chains were broken, my nose delivered, my bandage under my feet, and my old master in my power, I thought the rage that continued to agitate me was the feeling of a just vengeance, proceeding from the ever-present ideas of the evils I had suffered; and the hope of its being completely satisfied by the death of the king my subject was also one of the motives which induced me to send him to the scaffold. But when, on the morning of the 22d of January, I woke thirsting as much for blood as ever, and with as much rage at my heart as before, I discovered that the rage was innate in me, and a characteristic property of my nature. I then found myself very much at a loss to know on whom I should indulge the little bloody fancies which came into my head; for as I had put to death the only individual who was out of me, my frenzy could only fall on myself; and at every fit that came upon me I tore myself in a thousand places; I gnawed my fists, I drank my own blood.

“ Yet, these acts of fury, indispensable to the exercise of my rights, were not at all contrary to reason or to justice; for my will, whatever it be, is reason itself, and it is laid down as a principle that I can never be in the wrong.

“ However, this reaction of my sovereignty upon itself, became injurious to my health; every fit of rage left me covered with wounds, which were still made deeper by the following fit; my half-devoured limbs became feebler and feebler, till I was exhausted to such a degree as to be forced to call in a physician: that physician was Buonaparte.

“ I was in such pain and so debilitated that I gave myself up without much resistance to the treatment that was adopted by my doctor. The first thing he did was to tie my hands, declaring that I wounded myself with them: I let him do it because he promised that he would make no attempt upon my liberty, and that in other respects I should do as I pleased. He next pretended that my teeth were also weapons dangerous to my health, as in my fits I might bite my arms and legs, on which account he proposed to put a gag in my mouth; and to this I also consented, so anxious was I to be cured. He then asked me if I chose that he should lead me by the nose; and as I could make no answer, being gagged, he argued from the proverb, *silence gives consent*, that I had chosen

him for my master, and that he was justly invested with the right of leading me by the nose.

“My nose began anew to suffer pain ; but the wounds which I had inflicted on myself closed in a very short time : I thus found myself in the same situation as before my emancipation, the bandage excepted, which in my first emotions of joy at my deliverance I had torn in such a manner that it was impossible for my doctor to put the pieces of it together again. This circumstance perplexed him a good deal : the consequence of my seeing clearly was ill-humour and mutiny, which were the source of more alarm to him than my bonds were of security ; and the anger I daily experienced, without being able to gratify it, or even to give it vent, raised so violent an internal storm of fury that it must have forced its way and broken my chains, if my oppressor had not promptly found means to give it a vent externally, by leading me against the neighbouring nations.

“ For a long time this bloody exercise turned out very well both for him and for me : he every morning provided me with some kingdom or other to devour, just to give me an appetite ; and though I here and there received some rough blows, which he took care to say nothing of, I must own to you that the game was not disagreeable to me.

“ But if this amusement was to my taste, it was

far from being to the taste of the kings around, who at last conspired against us, and after nearly mauling me to death, turned off my doctor, who left me in a worse state than he found me. .

“In these unfortunate circumstances I clearly saw that I should never get rid of the hubbub he had raised without the intervention of a king, and I determined to recall the brother of my old subject, because according to the terms we were upon, in consequence of my emancipation, I had a right to make a kind of compact with him for an establishment of our relations on new grounds.

“I resolved then not to receive him but on conditions the least disadvantageous to myself, and I laid it down as a principle that he should in the first place acknowledge my sovereignty, that he should declare that I was right in all I had done against him and his family and friends: I stipulated that he should neither tie my hands nor put a gag in my mouth any more, and that instead of blindfolding and leading me by the nose he should show me the road I was to take by pointing with his finger; with these provisos I promised to live in good fellowship with him, and not to look upon him as my subject. He answered that he had adopted the grounds of these conditions, and without further explanation, he took possession of me. But judge, Sir, if it was not a mere quizzing of me, when, in-

stead of acknowledging *the right* to do without him all that had come into my head, he did no more than acknowledge *the fact*, and raise a wall of separation between the time past, which he left to me, and the time to come, which he kept for himself; when, far from proclaiming my sovereignty, he declared that he had not ceased being king *de jure* during the five-and-twenty years he was away, so that my reign, Sir, was counted for nothing, and instead of having dethroned kings it turns out at last that kings dethroned me.

“ I have given you an account of all my misfortunes; you see that my rights are trampled under foot; you see that they are violated without regard to decency; and that in such a state of things, the old conspiracy of *Jacobus Molay*, as it has not attained its object, ought to resume its ancient activity, and proceed anew towards the great day of vengeance.”

Here the Sovereign entered into very long details on all that was daily done by the initiated: he mentioned to me the principal conspirators in France, England, the Low Countries, Prussia, Austria, Bavaria, &c. &c.; he explained to me, in his way, the escape of Lavalette, the outrage on the Prince Regent, the conspiracies at Grenoble, Paris, and Bordeaux. He spoke of Madame de K. in Switzerland, of Colonel M. in Germany, of se-

veral Paris Journals, of those of London, Brussels, Mayence, &c. &c.; and ended with telling me that before a century elapsed there would not be a throne standing in Europe.

I was listening to him with a smile, without taking the trouble of answering, when he was interrupted by the coming up of the man for a salad, who familiarly seated himself between us, and addressing the prophet,—“ Well,” said he, “ are you still as unreasonable as you were just now ?”—“ That question,” replied the Sovereign, frowning, “ is the height of disrespect ; you would not have dared to put it to me in 93. Don’t you know that I am Reason itself ? ”

—“ Excuse me,” said the man for a salad, “ I thought no more of it : I meant to ask you if, after the conversation we had together this morning, you had got the better of the sad prejudices which you had conceived against a government so frank and liberal in its acts ; which has made so important a concession of its power to you, giving you a third share in making laws and in levying taxes ; which grants you all possible liberty, and which has renounced absolute power ; a power that its obscure relation with you authorized it perhaps to exercise, and renounced it to become the executor of your legal will.

THE SOVEREIGN.

“ He is mighty pleasant indeed with his gifts. Is there any right in kings to make concessions to me ? to me from whom all royalty emanates ? Is not liberty my property, and may not I take whatever dose of it suits me ? You don’t see then that if I accept his gifts, I tacitly acknowledge his right of making them ; I renounce the principle of my sovereignty ; I deprive myself for ever of the imprescriptible *right* of changing the government when I think proper. He has, you say, instituted himself the executor of my legal will ; a fine favour that, after he had so well arranged matters that I could have no legal will but that which agrees with his, and that all the liberty he leaves me is so settled by laws that, let me turn how I will to the right or the left, I am sure immediately to meet with some *prevôt* or *procureur du roi*, to rap me over the knuckles. I allow he treats me mildly enough ; but it is all outward show, and I am not duped by it : it serves him for a cloke to conceal the plots he is meditating against me, and to deprive me even of a pretence to defend myself, while I am secretly assailed by all his acts. Don’t you see all those phantoms of the ancient monarchy advancing with gigantic strides ? Don’t you see the aristocracy re-appearing under the disguise of

property? Don't you see that cloud of writers, orators, and magistrates, employed in forging new fetters for me, and preparing a gag and a bandage. To complete all, Sirs, look about six inches from my nose, what do you see there?"

THE OTHER.

I see nothing there."

HIE.

"You see nothing there? And you, Sir," (*addressing me,*) "do you see nothing opposite my nose?"

I shook my head. He went on:

"What! you don't see those two great fingers ready to pinch my nose?—I must have much better eyes than yours then; for I see them constantly. Those threatening fingers pursue me every where, leaving me no rest, and the situation of Damocles, sitting at a feast with the sword hung by a hair over his head, was certainly not more dreadful than mine. . . .

"But, Sirs, I see very well that you are in league with my enemies, and you must allow me to break off this conversation."

He then rose suddenly, and went away saying: "I will see you again at the day of vengeance."



CHAP. IX.

THE MAN FOR PIROUETTES.

WE remained some time without speaking; my neighbour disconcerted by the precipitate departure of his indocile disciple, and I vaguely pondering on the strange scenes passing under my eyes, and on the odd destiny by which I found myself in a mad-house, for I no longer doubted that I was at CHARENTON, without being able to trace a reason for my being placed there.

The silence was broken by the man for a salad.

“Sir,” said he, “I am sure you are more than ever convinced of the unsuccessfulness of my efforts, and have altogether a poor idea of my eloquence.”

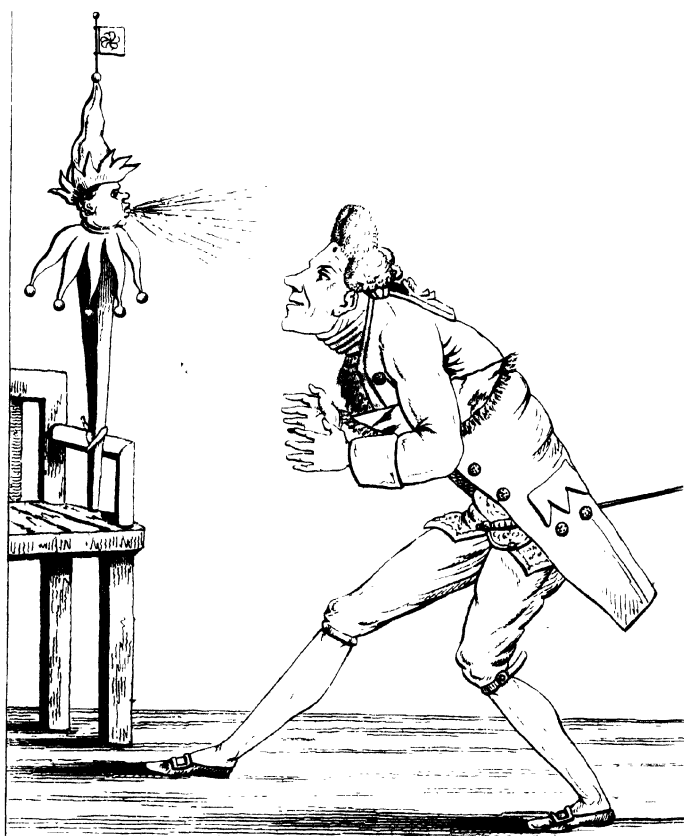
“I own,” I replied, “that if eloquence be, as it is said to be, the art of persuading, yours does not appear to me to have all the efficacy which your zeal and excellent intentions deserve.”

—“Come,” cried he, rising suddenly, and pulling me by the coat to prevail on me to accompany him, “come to the turning of this walk; you shall see one who will soon convince you that I do not always sow on barren land, and that al-

though I find obstacles in the passions and inveterate hatred of some persons, those obstacles are overcome by my perseverance. The man you are going to see," added he, "is a great genius, he has acquired fame by his writings, and possesses a poetical talent that readily bends to all kinds of subjects, and he is so fully in my power, that I have only to speak a word to turn him from one opinion to another the most opposite."

I suffered myself to be led towards this new personage the more easily, as the praise bestowed upon him made me desire to see him. We were soon with him: he was middle-aged, and had in his appearance a mixture of wretchedness and vanity. He wore a coat in the French fashion, the cloth of which was reduced to the smallest possible substance by the united attacks of the brush and time. Under his arm were the wrecks of a feathered hat, and his taffeta waistcoat, which had once been white, and which reached down to his knees, was thrown open at his bosom, for an old-fashioned display of a kind of lace frill, that seemed to have grown yellow on the cap of some superannuated duenna.

This dress formed a sort of tarnished harmony with the cadaverous countenance of the person; his face, according to the admirable expression of the author of *Tristram Shandy*, resembled a half



crown piece, which by repeated collision in circulating had entirely lost its impression ; his curved back, his slender leg stuck out in a straight line ; his head horizontally placed, like that of quadrupeds, in a line with his loins ; his whole body, in short, was in a bowing attitude that had the appearance of a salute.

“ Gentlemen,” said he, the moment he saw us, from what quarter comes the wind ?”

My guide instantly replied : “ From the south-east.”

—“ Right !” said the person, lightly making a *pirouëtte* on the point of his left foot.—“ Hail, Wind of the old world ! thou whose temperate reign gives us settled fine weather ; thou who wert cradled in the cradle of the human race, who in thy long passage travellest over that ancient Egypt, where Moses delivered the people of God from the basest slavery, and also those vast plains over which Abraham travelled with his tents and flocks, and that holy city in which was born, in which died for us the Eternal’s own Son, and that city, no less glorious, in which the vicar of Jesus Christ holds in his pastoral hands the reins of the Christian world ; reign for ever in our country, respectable South-east ! thou who, directing thy flight over heroic Palestine, hast caressed with thy breezes the thickets of rose-laurel, which shade the tomb

of the Christian knights ; honour to the French nobility, the remembrance of whom thou waftest to us ; honour to that holy religion which we breathe in thy breath ; thou alone, O South-east ! shalt have my eternal love ; thou, whose beneficent wing brought on the Hebrew nation the rain of nourishing manna, and of quails ready roasted". . .

—" We have had enough in this key," said my guide to me ; " I will now make him change his note."

He went from me, and tapping the orator on the shoulder, said to him in a low voice, thinking, no doubt, that I could not hear him ;—" Sir, the wind is changed, it is now west."

He no sooner said the word than the person *pirouëtted* with admirable agility, and presenting his bowing attitude and permanent smile to the west :—" Hail !" said he, " powerful king of immense seas, wind of liberty ! thou who receivest thy birth in the empire of reason, among the children of nature ; thou whose republican breath is re-heated in traversing that volcano of liberal ideas which, in its glorious eruption, gives light to the world, while yet preparing to inundate it with torrents of its burning lava ; welcome into our country, thou who hast displayed the standard of the insurgents of New Spain and the Brazils ; thou who waftest upon thy wings rebellion and

revolutionary intoxication ! Give to old Europe, dying with languor and listlessness, the youth and energy of the new world ; come, and with thy victorious breath, dispersing, like empty mists, the absurd trash of Gothic prejudices, blow away thrones and altars, and so deliver nations from the kings who oppress, and from the priests who blind them. Thou alone, powerful wind of the West, shalt possess my eternal love ; thou alone have all my praise ; and if I have any regret in paying thee this pure homage, it is that I have not a hundred mouths to proclaim thy return, and celebrate thy immense benefactions". . . .

—" You see," said the man for a salad, " that I have overpowered all his ideas, and that the eloquence of a Demosthenes or a Cicero never had such power as mine. Now for another proof," added he ; " you have just heard him pronounce an eulogium on republican principles, you shall hear him eulogize despotism." He again whispered the orator, and the advice he gave him was immediately followed by a new *pirouëtte*, executed with the same agility.

—" Hail !" he exclaimed, " O perfumed wind of the East, cool voluptuous inmate of the vermilioned palace of Aurora, thou whose mild influence softens the ferocity of men, holds the restlessness of their spirits in a perpetual ebriety,

and brings upon them a sweet indolence, the daughter of heaven, the heritage of immortals; oh! waft to us on thy breezes some of those ideas of repose and indifference which slumber in Oriental heads; thou alone can'st make us happy, for thou alone teachest the real advantages of life. Reign for ever over our country, wind of the old monarchies! thou who in thy peaceful progress hast travelled over that China, whose throne rivals, in age and immutability, the earth itself on which it stands, and over that Hindostan where the sovereign is adored as the Eternal; and Persia, that beheld the magi and the satraps flourish; and Turkey, where all men are equal under the salutary yoke of despotism, where the purity of supreme power is not adulterated with any mixture. Come, and disperse in air all the dotage of Europe respecting those nations, whose wisdom she calumniates. Let her in future envy the lot of that empire, where men, happy tenants of the land, and disinterested members of society, have no other cares than those of an existence for which the climate provides, and have not, to work for prodigal sons or ungrateful kindred; where the Janissary's sabre protects the public peace from temptations of grandeur; where none can with impunity step from the crowd and gaze on the throne with envy and profanation; where revolu-

tions last two hours, and where men are safe from the two greatest enemies of their peace, avarice and ambition.

“ How wise and happy are those nations whom we injure in our haughty ignorance ; they alone have conceived in all its truth the idea of the sovereign power ; they alone have raised their souls to the real sentiment of masculine dignity ; royal and domestic despotism. Greater than Jupiter on his Olympus, the Sultan in his seraglio is not fettered in his power by principles of justice ; his will to be reasonable has no occasion for motives ; terrible and unknown as fate, he lets fall the words of death from the height of his capricious indifference ; full of confidence in eternity, he seems to say to the Almighty : ‘ Here are culprits, try them ; I should think I encroached on thy rights were I to pretend to justice : thou alone canst be just, as thou seest every thing ; I, who am but a man, send to your bar those who are in my way here below : if they are guilty, punish them ; if they are innocent, place them in thy paradise : they will be indebted to me for heaven, which they would have lost, perhaps, had they remained longer in this world of weakness and trials.’

“ O Wind of despotism ! ” continued the orator, with fresh enthusiasm, “ blow, blow strongly upon us ; turn all French heads, and deliver them from

those ideas of a mixed government, the real stains cast on sovereignty by the spirit of rebellion, the imprecations of vanquished Satan against the absolute power of the Most High.

“Thou alone, O Wind of the Bosphorus, shalt have my eternal love; thou who art always great, always wise, always beneficent, whether thou givest to us fine seasons, the parents of abundance, or, opening the treasures of a useful wrath, spreadest over a kingdom a good plague, which in a few months, extricates the earth from the luxury of its population.”

I could not help laughing at this last eulogy: —“Is it possible,” said I, turning again to my guide, “that topics can be found for praising the plague; the most horrible of scourges!”

—“How, Sir!” said the man for *pirouëttes*, coming up to me with an appearance of being extremely enraged: “you dare to call the plague a scourge! you dare to speak so disrespectfully of one of the sons of the powerful Wind of the East, which is now blowing! Make a proper apology to the plague, or you shall answer it to me.”

I know not how far his anger would have transported him, had not the man for a salad hastened to put an end to it, by telling him in a low voice, that the Wind was changed. Another *pirouëtte* rid me of him, and I amused myself in hearing

him praise all the winds of the compass, one after another, at the will of my guide, who at length put an end to his eulogies and his *pirouëttes*, by informing him that there was a dead calm.

This intelligence gave him a respite, which he stood greatly in need of; he had used so much action in his evolutions and his harangues, that he was quite out of breath.

“Gentlemen,” said he, after he had recovered himself a little, “you must allow that men of parts are much to be pitied in the age in which we live: the Winds are so unstable, that all one does for each of them is really a dead loss, and one hardly knows which to praise.”

“You seem to me,” replied I, “to be no less inconstant than the winds, for I have heard you give the preference to every one that blew; and I can hardly reconcile to my mind all these exclusive preferences.”

This observation nettled him.

—“Know,” replied he, looking at me with pity, “that all the Winds are good, provided they are fair, and blow us on.”

At these words he turned on his heel, and that *pirouëtte* was the last he made before me.

CHAP. X.

I BEGIN TO BE INFECTED.

WE heard a clock strike, on which my oil and vinegar friend bowed, and suddenly left me. Mr. Michael, who probably had never lost sight of me, came up to me and said: "Will you come to dinner?"

This question perplexed me: I had eat nothing the whole day, and was hungry; but still I was more desirous to be alone than to eat; so great a number of living pictures had passed before my eyes since my entering this house, that I had not had time to collect my ideas; and there was such a variety floating about in my imagination, that my head quite turned with them.

And then, I could not bear to think of mixing, in a refectory, with those unfortunate beings whom society had been compelled to eject from its bosom; I was repugnant to be confounded in the pity shown to them, and which at bottom had in it less of compassion than of contempt; perhaps this repugnance was folly, but I have more than once felt that we are always uneasy when we are

not in our place, and I was not wise enough to think it no derogation to take a seat at the table with madmen.

Besides, it appeared to me, that to yield in this case would be a tacit acknowledgment of the state in which I was supposed to be, and I did not choose to make this concession to those whose belief it would confirm.

The confused feeling arising from these motives induced me to say, that I should not dine, unless it were in my room.

Mr. Michael said, he had no order for that, but that he would consult *Monsieur*, and that he had no doubt he would comply with my request, he was so desirous of pleasing *the boarders* when it was possible.

He showed me to the cell that had been prepared for me : it had more of cleanliness than elegance ; but I was satisfied with it. As soon as I was alone I threw myself into an arm-chair, and gave myself up to reflection. The idea of being at Charenton naturally led me to seek for the reasons which had occasioned my being carried there. What extravagances can I have committed, said I to myself, I who live within myself, and who, since my return from Germany, have not shown, by any outward action, that I am in existence ? I who have been so strictly regular in my conduct,

that no fact, no incident, had interrupted the tenour of it ? . . . Finding no cause in this examination of my recollections, I was reduced to the necessity of inquiring, whether any motive was to be found in the interests of my parents, in their affections, their concerns, which might have prompted them to make me pass for a madman, in order to sequester me from the world ; but, on the one hand, I had no property, and I had been very careless as to the concerns of the house ; on the other, I recollected my father's tenderness, which amounted even to weakness, the grief which he had not been able to smother during the ride from town, and which was manifest till the moment of our separation. I called to mind his great sensibility, the honesty of his soul, the austerity of his principles, and I reproached myself with a conduct injurious to his character, his religion, and his love for me, in suffering my thoughts to dwell for a moment on a question of this nature. . . .

Nevertheless, I was at Charenton. . . . This fact seemed to fall back upon me with all the weight of its physical existence, at every fruitless effort I made to comprehend it.

At last my doubts turned upon myself.—Proceeding from the greater impossibility to the less, I came by degrees to ask myself whether I was not mad. . . I was alarmed at the thought that, of all those

shut up in that house, on account of mental alienation, there was not one who was aware of the state of his mind, and who did not think himself more rational than the people who took care of him. This thought was not of a nature to lead me to a certain result ; but it was one that might carry me the furthest : I dwelt upon it.

If I were mad, thought I, what means should I have to know it? Not a single one proceeding from my own judgment ; I could only arrive at such a knowledge through others, by their conduct in respect to me, by the effect I should produce on their minds. . . . and they have lodged me at Charenton. Perhaps there is no such thing as absolute madness, but only relative degrees of it : a man is mad who soars into a region of ideas where other men do not go ; perhaps that singularity which prompts an individual to think and to live differently from all others of similar organization, cannot exist but at the expense of good sense. The race of man is so ancient, the field of their ideas has been explored with so much labour, experience so long has elucidated their knowledge. . . . The edifice of their reason is so vast ; it is fixed on foundations so solid, so consistent, that it is not possible, perhaps, to step out of it without falling into errors and madness. What, in fact, is one man, in comparison with

that civilization which proceeds with a step so firm, universal, and grand? What the understanding and invention of an individual, who lives a few short moments on the earth, in comparison with society at large, whose life and experience began with the world, and are composed of every other life and every other experience? I thought of my father's expression: "Why do you say nothing, and do nothing, like the rest of the world?" I recollected the doctor's reasoning: "If at your age pleasure disgusts, there must be a cause for a moral situation so contrary to the dictates of nature." The doctor was right: as my organization is not different from that of other men, as I have had the same education, received the same impressions, drawn my habits and ideas from the same sources, and as my physical and moral existence has been cast in the same mould, why should that which pleases them not please me? Why have I thoughts which they have not, and tastes not theirs? Why has my life taken a direction which separates me entirely from them? There must, then, be a derangement in my organs, since the exercise of them produces different results.—And whither do those results conduct me? away from the earth, from my parents, from my friends, to that intellectual world, from which I am separated by matter. . . . to those un-

certain regions where my heart finds nothing to love, where my arms can embrace nothing, where there is no object for my use. . . . Is not there something extravagant in wanting to live where one is not, in not wanting to live where one is? Madness is, perhaps, nothing else. . . . Why think of relinquishing a reason which is not only that of the human race, but that of all nature? The tethered goat browses around her ; the eagle, with his powerful expanse of wing, darts into the sky only to traverse the earth : he never loses sight of the rocks where the chamois bounds, nor of the valley where the leveret may offer him an easy prey ; he explores not the depths of the firmament ; there with shut eyes and motionless wing to intoxicate himself with azure. . . .

And yet this earth, which I tread upon without looking at it, is beautiful : there is something sublime in its appearances, in its vegetation, in the magnificence of its phenomena ; there is a soft delight in the connexion of our soul with it ; there is in its atmosphere a vivifying freshness which renovates, which invigorates thought ; there is a magnetic virtue which charms the heart, sympathies that are sweet, pure pleasures, and enjoyments attainable. Can I have separated myself from all this without deviating from reason, without disobeying the dictates of nature, mani-

fested by my organization?..... It is probable then that I am mad..... besides, am not I at Charenton?....

This was the manner in which I reasoned; and the more I thought, the more resigned I became to my situation, the more my confinement appeared to me just and supportable.

Mr. Michael returned, and told me that *Monsieur* desired to speak to me, and would be glad to see me in his office.

My reflections had so changed the temper of my mind, that the interview, which I had a few minutes before desired as due to my self-respect, now appeared to me likely to produce only embarrassment and confusion. What more could I say to the Director of the Establishment (for such was the gentleman whom Michael called *Monsieur*) than all his mad people had said to him before me to convince him that they had been shut up on false presumptions?..... Where is the man who can prove himself not mad?

Such were the questions which I put to myself, as I followed Mr. Michael to the office. A clerk whom I found there asked me to sit down, telling me that *Monsieur* had been called out to a stranger, but would be back presently..... In a few minutes the clerk went out, leaving me alone.

—I was sitting near a large table, covered with

a green cloth, which stood in the middle of the room: as I cast my eyes mechanically over the papers lying on it, they fixed, by chance, on one labelled with my name in a large hand-writing.

A curiosity more easily understood than justified prompted me to turn over the leaf which served as a cover to the paper, and I read the following document :

PHYSICIAN'S CERTIFICATE.

“ I, the under-written, &c. . . . (here followed the names and description of Dr. Anselm) “ certify that being called in on the (here the date of the day on which I was visited’ by the Doctor—see chap. II.) by Mr. B. a wholesale merchant, residing in Old Temple-street, No. —, to ascertain the disease of his son Mr. Joseph B. aged twenty-five years, who for several months past had given signs of a derangement of the intellectual faculties which grew daily worse and worse, I found after a conversation of more than an hour with this young man that he was affected with the highest degree of hypochondria, according to the following symptoms :—

“ Paleness, sinking of the eyeballs in the orbital sockets, leanness, gloomy look, at times want of appetite, at others voracious hunger, constant dyspepsia, sensation of fulness, distension of the hy-

pochondres, anxiety, unusual nervous attacks, no fever. The understanding was subjected to the organic affection of the viscera, and characterized by languor, watchfulness, fondness of solitude, gloomy ideas, propensity to suicide, and a sudden complete wandering of the mind, with marks of mental alienation of a kind which makes the patient imagine himself an inhabitant of heaven.

“I am consequently of opinion that his case demands an immediate treatment, and that he would be in danger of his life if left any longer to himself.

ANSELM, M. D.

—I was panic struck. There was nothing in this paper the truth of which I could dispute; and if, as it appeared evident to me, all these circumstances united constituted, according to Hippocrates or Galen, the disease which the faculty call *hypochondria*, it was clear that I was in the highest degree hypochondriac, a maniac, a madman, and that it was indispensable to send me to Charenton.

The perusal of this certificate, it will be supposed, did not destroy the effect of my late reflections; my resignation was increased by it, and I felt myself less disposed than ever to protest against my detention in this house.

The director, on his return, spoke to me with great mildness:—“Your father,” said he, “has

put you under my care; the state of your health made him uneasy, and he thought that country air and a regular life were the only means of re-establishing it. Your stay here will probably be of no long duration, I will do all I can to make it agreeable to you, I will treat you as my son, and you shall eat at my table: we have very good company here, clever men and amiable women; all the amusements of the fashionable world you will find here. Your mother and sisters will come and see you every week, and you shall have whatever books you desire. Do not be uneasy; anxiety and fretting will only retard your re-establishment; quiet and resignation will advance it, and of course shorten your stay here. You have asked," added he," to dine alone in your room; to-day I have given orders to comply with your desire, because it will be better for you to be a little by yourself; to-morrow you will dine with us."

The kind and interesting manner in which this was spoken gained my heart. I replied that I was too well acquainted with my father's affection to imagine for a moment that he would have taken a resolution so painful to us both, if it had not appeared to him absolutely necessary; that I had too high an opinion of the government to fear that any arbitrary or useless detention was practicable in an establishment under its inspection; that these rea-

sons did not allow me to doubt my being really afflicted with the dreadful malady, which was the particular object of that establishment, although I was not sensible of any thing, either in body or mind, that could make me suspect any affection of this kind in myself; that I entirely left myself to the care which was kindly promised me, and would do all that depended on myself to second it.

He seemed much affected by my answer; and told me that from my language he did not think me so much indisposed as had been feared; that I began where the patients usually ended; and that he foresaw he should not have me long in the number of his inmates. After saying many equally kind things, he wished me a good day, and I retired to my room where my cloth was laid.

I have very often remarked that misfortune is not painful, that it is only terrifying; at a distance it assumes the appearance of a vague darkness, into which the imagination throws all its fancied sufferings. This is a crowd of evils which, while remote, mingle and collect into a mass, as if preparing to fall altogether upon you; near at hand, all these evils class themselves and become distinct, you overcome them in detail, and appreciate them only according to the physical and real suffering of each separately. Look from afar at a mountain over which you are obliged to pass; it appears a

single, immense obstacle, the greatness of which alarms you—an inaccessible barrier, the height and ruggedness of which dishearten you. Approach it, the ruggedness disappears, the angles open and show themselves, the goat-track is traced; step on the first winding of the rock, you will pass on to a second, to a third, without finding time to suffer, because you will have no time to compare, because your soul will be raised above danger and fatigue; you will thus arrive at the summit, you will find the impediments overcome, and all that occasioned your alarm will prove a source of gratification.—Thus is it with misfortune: horrible afar, you no sooner enter upon it than you find it, like other situations, one which has its changes and its comforts, and in which you find nothing but what is supportable. . . . Whenever man suffers he is in his element. A few days before, the very thought of going mad would have excited all the terrors of my soul. If I had had the choice between Charenton, and the grave, I should have preferred the latter; however I was at Charenton, and not uncomfortable there; I dined there with a tolerable appetite; I cast my eyes round the cell with which I had formerly associated the ideas of torments and wretchedness, and I found in it a soft melancholy which promised me happy thoughts—I there enjoyed a repose, a solitude, that went to my soul.

And what, said I to myself, is this madness which men make so horrible a disease? I am mad, probably have been so for several months, and have felt nothing, experienced nothing, that informs me that I have a distempered brain; what kind of a disease then is that which he who is afflicted with it is not sensible of? And for what am I so much to be pitied when I feel no ill?

When I had dined, Mr. Michael asked me to take a walk; but I did not choose it; I was afraid of again encountering some of the insane inhabitants, whose insanity might not coincide with mine, and I preferred remaining in my room, where I might, at my pleasure, pursue the course of my hallucinations.

As soon as I was alone it came into my head to devote some hours every day to writing my thoughts as they rose; I conceived that this employment which could not but facilitate my cure, in compelling me to rectify my ideas, would afford those who had the care of me the means of knowing the diseased sides of my brain, with the progress and decrease of the malady; I thought too that I should not be sorry, when restored to health, to read over these productions of my delirious imagination, and I determined to begin that very night, curious to see in the morning when I woke, into what deviations I should have fallen during the evening.

Accordingly I sat down at my table, and wrote the chapter which follows.

I beg the reader not to forget that it was composed in a cell at Charenton.

CHAP. XI.

MY HALLUCINATIONS.

Preface.

ON what shall I write?—Politics. Politics open the widest field for reasoning and foolery.—Hitherto I have heard nothing but foolery; now for reasoning; I am going to reason: I am the madman who vends wisdom.—Come buy! Come buy!

Introduction.

All the writings that have been published on this matter are erroneous, because they are founded on ancient and general errors.

You who are astonished to see the revolutionary spirit perpetuating itself in society; know you where the monster lurks?

—In our schools.

Till we are twenty years old we are Grecians and Romans; let us see what the Grecians and Romans were.

Of the Grecians.—In Greece there were monarchies and republics; but of such a nature, that the same state was alternately a republic and a

monarchy.—How was that?—By rebellion, by usurpation.—The history of the Grecians then only teaches us to admire rebellion for overthrowing usurpation, and to admire usurpation for crushing anarchy.

Of the Romans.—A band of robbers build a town; that town is Rome. The spirit of spoliation, pent within its ramparts, breaks out at home in continual turbulence, and manifests itself abroad by armed injustice. This people place themselves out of the political rights of nations, as Cartouche and Mandrin placed themselves out of the civil rights of men. They scandalize the earth by a long triumph of all that is absurd, FACTUM, over all that is sublime, JUS. Germinating from evil they go on increasing, crisis after crisis, to the highest pitch of force and fury; their fever constitutes their life; they attain civilization; the fever cools, and the patient dies.

See from what sources modern nations draw their ideas of forming societies. They afford materials enough to make Brutuses and Cæsars, regicides and liberticides; but nothing to form a citizen: they contain combustible enough to subvert twenty states, but no principle adequate to the erection of a single one.

In this school all our ideas are distorted. We are there taught to see in monarchy only a single

man, the king, opposed to millions of men, the people. We are there taught to see on earth only masters and slaves : royalty is only a fact, produced by physical force, and by physical force maintained. Liberty is another fact, the result of rebellion, and supported by it. A republic is shown to us as a permanent revolt, and national representation as a force opposed to kings, an army of tribunes secretly invested with the authority of our turbulence, restlessness, and insubordination. The most moderate opinion we can form of such a government, is to consider the nation and the king as two enemies marching one against the other, and who are only prevented from strangling each other by being of equal strength.

Would you express in the briefest manner possible all our errors in politics ? They are contained in these few words :—The nation and the king.

Wherever these are separated there is no possibility of society ; several millions of men are physically stronger than an individual.

But, it will be said, if one has got rid of this individual, one may do without him.—Did not Rome exist in that manner ?—Who would wish the fate of Rome for his country ? Who would wish a continual revolution at home and eternal war abroad ; the whole to finish, after a few centuries, with falling under the yoke of a Claudius or

a Nero, and becoming a prey to barbarians?—I say, on the contrary, Rome was not able to exist in that manner.

One of the results of these distorted notions is that persons engaged in politics have limited their efforts to discovering the means of counterpoising the people with the king with the least possible danger; and they have found nothing better for the purpose than CONSTITUTIONS, that is, words written down; as if words were so powerful that they could enchain passions and interests. Almost all the works which have been published rest on this proud confidence in theories. We have lately seen all our publicists in the field, examining whether France proceeded according to the charter; nobody has inquired whether the charter was according to France. This however is of some importance.

With all respect to our great men, there is no more making the constitution of a kingdom than the constitution of an individual. All that can be done in legislation is to discover that constitution, and to suit the laws to the body politic, as in medicine a regimen is suited to the animate body.—This done, the laws are sufficiently strong; neglected, the finest, wisest codes, compacts the most sincerely sworn, are light leaves, which are not in the command of men, and which the first blast of a storm disperses.

Let us see, then, if with us the regimen is suitable to the constitution, or in other words ;

IF THE CHARTER BE ACCORDING TO FRANCE.

General Considerations.

In the universe there are two grand principles, the good, and the bad.

The former exists in heaven, the latter on earth.

The former is composed of whatever is just, whatever is eternal, whatever is beneficial : hence the id  a of RIGHT.

The latter of whatever is unjust, whatever is perishable, whatever is detrimental ; hence the idea of FACT.

The notion of these two principles is the basis of human reason ; it is among the traditions of all countries.

It is clearly revealed by the Christian religion, in the revolt of Lucifer, who is permitted to have power upon the earth.

The history of men is nothing else than a continual conflict between the good and the bad principle.

It is the latter that excites rebellions, aggressions, usurpations, conquests.

How admirable is the force of things proceeding from the good principle ! They tend by their very nature to purify, to free, to strengthen themselves ;

they spring even from disorder itself, and take a course towards heaven by an ascendant power inherent in time.

The works of the bad principle, on the contrary, are only events in eternity, facts which may be multiplied, but to which futurity presents only non-existence; build upon them, and the foundations will not support your edifice.*

Application.

I believe the old world was long inhabited by a great people, who had the same laws, the same religion, the same language.† The existence of such a primitive and indigenous people, that is, connected by the general tie of country, is indicated by an indubitable similitude, among the monuments of which we find vestiges at points of the old continent the most distant from one another.‡ Who but must be surprised to meet with the *Mitra* of the Persians, and the *Isis* of the Egyptians, in a druidical portal, dug up at Montmorillon, and to find the *horned deities* of the first Gauls in the antiquities of Persia, and on the obelisks of Egypt? Who but must be struck on seeing, at one and the same period of time, all the nations of the old world governed by

* Whatever is violent is neither solid nor durable. Whatever is solid and durable is natural.—HARRINGTON'S *Political Aphorisms*.

† See Note III.

‡ See Note IV.

sages, who, under different appellations, preserved with a like care the materials of human knowledge? In Asia the Gymnosophists and Magi, in Africa the priests of Isis, and in Europe the Druids, present a similitude of manners and customs which cannot escape the observation of the learned.

At the period of which I speak, the human race presents to the mind a picture of peace and stationary content; men, like the trees of the forests, descended from the aborigines of the very place in which they were born, grew and died in the narrow circle of their hereditary wants, unimpelled by any motive to quit their happy state of rest. Every thing among them was legitimate, because nothing inconsistent with *right* had taken place to entangle their interests, and because their institutions were only the natural development of the most simple principle. These nations must have existed thus for a long series of ages, and the slight glimpses we are able to take of them, at the immense distance they are from us, strengthen this conjecture.

This golden age had its term : population, more favoured by the climate in certain countries, as in Egypt,* became, in the course of time, dispro-

* In Egypt it is not uncommon for women to have three children at a birth : accordingly it was Egypt that sent forth all the armed colonies which established themselves in Greece.

portioned to the territorial extent of each nation, and sought to provide a means for its overflow. The first means thought of was colonization; the second was conquest; then began the struggle of injustice against justice, of fact against right.

The native nations lived according to right; the invaders in their actions looked only to fact.

The interests of men, which in the first state of society were simple, became complicated; there were masters and slaves; conquerors considered only the interests of fact, which appeared in arbitrary actions, privileges, and a continual oppression of the conquered. The conquered, on the other hand, considered the interests of right, which produced among them a *vis inertiae*, resistance, and a continual propensity to re-take in detail what they had lost in gross. Thence arose among nations that destination of authority and opposition; thence that idea of a balance, which fruitless efforts have been made to realize; thence, in short, those denominations of power, monarchical, aristocratical, and democratical, according as the conquerors chose to govern the conquered by themselves, or to delegate to a leader a part of their authority, which was the origin of aristocracy and limited monarchy; or, according as the conquered succeeded in a temporary recovery of their liberty, and in oppressing their oppressors, either by them,

selves, which made democracy, or by some crowned demagogue, which produced tyranny. We see that, in all the cases, a part of the citizens was oppressed; because injustice had taken root, and must either press down right, or be pressed down by it.

This solves the history of almost all the states of Greece, their long agitations, and their continual revolutions. Sparta is, perhaps, that which had the greatest stability, because injustice was there more strongly constituted, and the oppressors, the Spartans, never mixed with the oppressed, the Helots.

Let us see how it stood with France.

We do not sufficiently admire the Gauls : those nations, whom we see only with the eyes of those Romans that treated all distant nations as barbarians, had more wisdom, juster notions of society, and more intelligence, perhaps, than Greece and Rome together.*

As they were scattered over an immense region of the globe, from Mount Atlas as far as the Atlantic Ocean, from the Pillars of Hercules to Cape North, they might, during a long series of ages, spread the overflow of their population over uninhabited countries, forming a great number of small nations by right of occupancy. All those small nations existed then, very probably, accord-

* See Note V.

ing to the most simple interests, according to natural right.

The Romans came among them sword in hand, and enslaved them. Thus were the first interests of oppression founded upon a fact, that is, upon the conquest of the population and property of the Gallic nations.

Afterwards, in came the Franks, and sword in hand drove out the Romans, establishing themselves in the interests of the first conquerors, that is, of oppression.

I have said above that these interests of oppression appeared in arbitrary actions, privileges, &c.

I have also said, that things proceeding from the good principle tend by their very nature to purify, to free themselves, and to predominate over injustice ;

• And that the works of the bad principle will sink into non-existence.

All this is the history of France.

At first the conquerors said to the original inhabitants, “ We are the nation, you are nothing ; you shall cultivate our estates, forge arms for us, and give us a part of your incomes : as for us, we are every thing, we will fight to secure our prey, we will take upon ourselves all the employments of the state, we will pay no taxes, and we alone shall take part in the general councils.”

As it was an army that made the conquest, the organization of the conquering nation was ready made. The ranks were extended without being broken, and the warriors were told to plant each his pike in the ground. The pike was to pay homage to the ensign, the ensign to the standard, &c. &c. Thus was the feudal system constituted.

But if the oppressors had the sword for them, intelligence and instruction remained with the oppressed: the latter alone cultivated the arts and sciences, which were held in contempt by the barbarous vanity of their masters. It was by these means that right made its way through the pikes; Christianity, then rising on the Gauls, could not but take for interpreters men whose philosophical studies had already prepared them for the reception of its morality; the clergy of course was exclusively composed of Gauls, and the body of them had so great a preponderance in the state, in consequence of the wisdom and intelligence of its members, that Duke Pepin thought proper to attach them to him by admitting the bishops to the Assemblies of the *Champ de Mai*.

In time, right, which cannot remain inactive, raised among the people those little local associations of several weak against one strong. Kings, who saw in this new power the weakening of the feudal lion, the menacing rival of their authority,

encouraged the establishment of the commons. Thus was the federal system constituted.

Then the two opposite powers proceeded according to their natural tendencies, the one towards the point of non-existence, the other towards triumph. Every time that the feudal body lost strength by some unsuccessful war, the federal body made a step and entrenched itself. At first the commons obtained privileges, then were enfranchised, and at length their deputies were admitted to the states general : so was the third state constituted.

The nation was then composed of four powers ; the royal, the feudal, the federal, and that of the clergy now possessed of landed property ; that is to say, anarchy was organized in France. The three bodies of the state were each respectively swayed in the general assemblies, by their peculiar interests, the nobility by that of their privileges ; the third state by that of their enfranchisement ; the clergy by that of their property. And as men are more alive to party interest than to public interest, the meeting of the States General appeared to be, not the nation assembled to act for the good of the state, but three differing nations, each thinking how to turn the common misfortunes to its own advantage. Accordingly the kings, who had found their greatest strength in the assemblies

of the states, while a unity of interest prevailed in them, began to be afraid of convoking them, and sought in absolute power a remedy against anarchy. Then rose the parliament; * a body that spontaneously sprang up like a Colossus in the midst of all the parties, and spoke thus to each: "You shall preserve what you have acquired, but you shall not usurp." To the kings it said: "You may continue to bestow privileges, but what you have bestowed shall not be yours again." Thus the different interests acquired a stability which resembled order; in default of natural rights, there were consecrated facts, written concessions, which supplied their place, and all seemed assuming permanency before the firm power of the parliament: that, however, was not the case; torrents swelling behind the dyke at last broke it down, and *the Revolution* burst forth with all its folly, fury, and destruction.

Before I proceed, it is proper that I should here make an important observation; which is, that civilization has never ceased tending to one object, *centralization*,† that is to say, that it has continually operated towards bringing France back to

* See Note VI.

† This is one of the new words introduced by the French Revolution, which the translator finds it necessary to retain here. See Note VII.

that unity of interests which conquest had destroyed, and to clear the social system of all the institutions of fact with which the feudal and federal anarchy had successively encumbered it.

It is no less proper to remark, that the kings of France have been the only conductors of this grand movement : they have been observed multiplying privileges in favour of the nation, so as to make the rule change sides with the exceptions ; strengthening the commons against the great feudatories ; uniting successively to their crown all the fiefs, all the intermediate powers, which separated them from their subjects ; redeeming often with their own funds the public servitude ; and plucking up with their own hands those insolent pikes which usurpation had planted on the land.

Thus did royalty, from the very commencement of the monarchy, enter into the interest of enfranchisement ; and we have not a single liberty which we do not owe to it.

From all that has been said, it appears that the revolution commenced the very next day after the establishment of the Franks. It remains for me to inquire at what point it had arrived when Louis XVIII was re-established on the throne of his ancestors.

I have said, that civilization has never ceased tending to one grand object, the centralization of

interest. For the accomplishment of this centralization, it was requisite that all local interest should yield ; it was requisite that all such foundations as confined the general interest to a particular spot, to a portion of land, should be erased from the social order ; that all little centres should be destroyed, that only one centre might exist, the country : lastly, it was requisite that this country should be, not a circumscribed portion of territory, but a bundle of interests. Let us see if things were in this state when Buonaparte was overthrown by the coalition.

The landed clergy was destroyed.

The landed corporations were destroyed.*

Feudal rights and privileges were destroyed.

We see that the three orders of the state no longer existed.

The King on entering France had to choose between two things :

TO FINISH THE REVOLUTION ;

or,

TO UNDO THE REVOLUTION.

To undo the Revolution it was requisite :

* Although all the estates belonging to corporations were not yet sold in 1814, those estates were no longer under their management ; they were all let, and the rents figured, like the octroi and other corporate levies, in the budgets regulated by the government.

To restore property to the clergy :

To stop the sale of the estates of corporate bodies, and re-instate them in the free maintenance of their revenues :

To restore to the nobility their rights, their exemptions from levies, their privileges, and their properties :

To establish the old landed system, the states-general, and all local interests.

—To finish the revolution it was requisite :

To attach the clergy to the common centre by emoluments :

To allow corporate bodies only territorial limits for the ordinary purposes of incorporation, and to complete the sale of their estates :

To confirm the suppression of the rights, privileges, and exemptions of the nobility :

To preserve the fiscal system, and destroy the remains of the old landed system, by completing the sale of the woods of the state.

In these two propositions we have the key of the two opposite opinions which divided the chamber of 1815, and which still divide our jurists ; this is the touchstone of our parties.

—In the first case, the king espouses the interest of fact ; clogs institutions by local attachments ; re-organizes anarchy, by bringing together clash-

ing powers ; and repels civilization by destroying the unity which it tends to establish.

—In the second, he espouses the interest of natural right, sanctions the productions of the good principle, inherits of time, completes the work of his ancestors, simplifies the social system, and purifies institutions.

On which of these two bases should he fix his throne? The answer is not difficult.] I have said, that the former tended to non-existence, the latter towards eternity.

It therefore behoved the king to say, All men are equal in rights.

Consequently, all concur equally to the public burdens.

Now, this is said by the charter.

By that single word, the chaos in our interests is cleared away.

Feudality, finding no more privileges, has disappeared.

Federation, finding no more pretexts, has disappeared.

As the equality of rights combined the citizens all in one class, the ideas, both of oppression and enfranchisement, were at an end. Invasion and opposition ceased to have place in the social order.

The unity of rights once established, men had all the same object in society.

The nation, therefore, no longer consisted of classes of incompatible interests, but of original and invariable interests, which may exist without clashing, because they flow from the same principle, and things that flow from the same principle are akin and harmonize.

An interest of property was created, which bound all the governed together.

An interest of emoluments which bound all the governors.

The interest of property became represented by the assembly of deputies.

The interest of emoluments by the ministry.

These two powers, far from being opposed to one another, are united by a common tie, the interest of Government.

The former is interested in being governed :

The latter in governing.

The balance of these two powers lies in the annual regulation of the budget.

If proprietors bestow an excess of money on royalty, royalty attaches a greater number of agents, and becomes powerful at home and abroad.

If proprietors do not grant an adequate fund to royalty, it is too weak, and can no longer protect

their property, which is threatened at home and abroad.

Does the king wish to make an unjust war? the budget decreases.

Does he wish to dig canals, erect useful monuments? the budget increases.

All government then is in the budget. Out of that all else is infatuation and inapplicable theories.

Nothing therefore is more simple, more rational, than our social system. We see that it is founded, not on interests of fact, but on eternal rights.

We see that the charter is according to France. —Let us now inquire what is wanting to the perfection of this system.

Its weakest side, in my opinion, is the chamber of peers. This body, which ought to be considered only as arbitrators between those who pay and those who are paid, should be independent. Consequently, the peers should be possessed of landed estates, transmissible to their heirs, and inalienable.

In the next place, the right of primogeniture, out of the peerage, should be suppressed. It is not right that the ancient nobility should have ceased existing in fact, and that the nobility of Buonaparte should remain out of the common rights; that the son of a Duke de Montmorency

should share the inheritance of his father equally with his sisters, while the eldest son of a Baron N. . . . shall inherit solely, to the exclusion of his brothers and sisters.* If this law of exception is not repealed, it will not require a century to see the great names of the monarchy in the antichambers of the families of the 20th of March. The worst of all this is the want of unity in civil right; every distinction which is not useful to society is absurd and dangerous.

Another imperfection, and the more deplorable for having taken place since the charter, is the law which enables the clergy to possess real property. Give them gold liberally, nothing can be more just; but do not make an independent body of them. By attaching them to the soil, you fix their view upon a little centre, instead of fixing it upon the throne; you make them into a separate

* It is hardly necessary to say, that the law of primogeniture was annulled in the revolution, and that the rule, established at the time, of an equal division of property on the death of an ancestor, remains the general law of France without distinction of persons. But though this be the general rule, it was afterwards altered by Buonaparte in particular instances; and it is well known that, in the creation of the new nobility, primogeniture was strictly established in their families. This is among the laws of exceptions, and the king may grant titles of inheritance to men who settle an hereditary estate on their heirs by primogeniture—this estate is called a *majorat*. T.

body in the state; you detach them from the royal power, of which it is one of the columns; you stain our institutions with materialism. It may be said, "Regret is useless, the law is passed." Yes, but the right of regulating the exercise of it is reserved to the royal authority.

Of all the social institutions the most incongruous in an age of high civilization is an army.

Wherever a king possesses an organized and permanent force exclusive of the nation, the constitution is in his hands.

Soldiers are instruments; passive obedience is their first duty.

I think well enough of the composition of the French legions, to be certain that they would fire upon the deputies, if the king commanded it.

Then what is a man who makes *a trade* of killing other men, for five-pence a day?

The existence of a single man-killer for wages is a scandal to civilized Europe.

But, it will be said, if there is no army, who will defend the country?—The national guard.

An article of our thousand and one constitutions says: "Every Frenchman is born a soldier." This is true when the country is threatened, for every citizen is interested in defending it.

In offering these reflections, I have, perhaps, revealed the king's secret: the ordinance on the

national guard, dividing this civic force into several classes, and designating such of the classes as shall be disposable and moveable when requisite, has marked in future time the term of the military system.

But, it must be owned, that this grand result does not depend upon a single sovereign; it requires the unanimous concurrence of the sovereigns of Europe.*

Men have ideas, of which they are conscious without being able to define them. Thus, one often says: the government does not advance, we retrograde, &c. &c. Most of those who employ this mode of expression would find it very difficult to explain it to us: it is, notwithstanding, accurate in itself. As civilization advances towards a fixt object, when the government does nothing towards that object, it does not advance; when its acts tend to remove it from it, it retrogrades, &c. Men accustomed in the least to think are sensible of this standing still or motion. Let us see if the government, since the King's return, has advanced or receded.

If, as our history demonstrates, the end of ci-

* Some German sovereigns have already set the example of this happy change, by totally suppressing the troops of the line, and substituting the *landwehr*, organized for this purpose.

vilization is centralization, the unity of interests, and the regularity of the social system, we have made great way since the year 1814. The greatest step is unquestionably the continuation of the sale of corporate property, and the application of the state woods to the sinking fund. In order to appreciate this grand result, let it be supposed that it is fully accomplished, and that there is not in France a single acre of ground which does not belong to some individual; from that moment France is cleared of all the wrecks of the old landed system; all hope of a return to local interests is at an end; there are no resources in case of danger except in the fortunes of individuals; consequently, individual interests have a direct activity which depends solely on their respective means; public spirit exists in its full force, and self-interest itself produces patriotism. And then how solid will the State be when it rests on the broad basis of the whole property of the country! How durable the Constitution, when all the treasure of royalty is in the chests of every proprietor of the land!

This grand step towards the finishing of the Revolution it was not in the power of the Government to make with the Chamber of 1815, which it was therefore necessary to dissolve. That bold measure was the more indispensable as the charter was not completed, as there were still doors open

to feodality and local interests, and as it was of importance to close those doors, which could not be done with men attached to the feudal and federal systems.

It will be asked why, if we have advanced towards a unity of interest, there is so little harmony in the opinions, speeches, and wishes of Frenchmen, or in other words, why are there still parties in France? This deserves a distinct consideration.

Of Parties.

It is no problematical remark, that a fact, however unjust, however absurd it may be, cannot triumph for ever so short time on the earth without establishing a consequent interest.

Thus, in 1790, insurrection destroyed feodality, the interest of feodality nevertheless survives, and the interest of insurrection takes root. Buonaparte destroys insurrection, but the interest of insurrection survives, and the interest of usurpation takes root. In 1814 the legitimate government triumphs, but the interest of usurpation survives.

All these interests exist concurrently, and form parties. These parties are designated by a sort of nick names, which the public has stamped upon them without their leave. Such as are in the interests of feodality are called *Ultras*, those in the interest of insurrection are called *Jacobins*, those

in the interest of usurpation are called *Bonapartists*. Let us take a view of the particular character of each of these parties, their politics and their respective means.

Of the Ultras.

It is said that there cannot be *Ultra*-royalists, as one cannot love the king too much. This would be true if by *Ultras* was understood those who carried their love for the king to excess; but this name is given to those who have passed royalty, who are *beyond* it. Now as it is indisputable that when we are passed a place, we are no longer in that place, so when one has passed or gone beyond royalty, one is no longer royalist.—For example :

The day after the dissolution of the Chamber of 1815, I met a titled person whom I had known during the three months, when the same wishes the same dangers, the same efforts, united all the friends of legitimate royalty. This person drew a most frightful picture of public affairs to me; according to him La Vendée was rising, the south was in arms, the Jacobins were talking of deposing the king, and the ministers, in concert with them, had gained the federates of the Faubourgs. In short, the throne was to be overturned in less than eight days.—If that be the case, said I to him, it only remains for us to buy swords and large white

cockades, and go and be killed on the staircase of the palace.—“I’ll not wear the white cockade again,” replied he, “*till it shall please God to take our good king to himself.*”—Was this man a royalist?

More than once has the interest of feodality been armed in France against royalty: they who are *Ultras* now would have been *Leaguers* in the time of Henry III; those who were then *Leaguers* would be *Ultras*. Has not the Viscount de B. declared in a late publication that he would have joined the League, if he had been alive under Henry IV?

If you ask an *Ultra* what he wants, he will tell you what he does not want.—Why?—Because the man who is governed by an interest is impelled by a secret force which with him takes the place of judgment and reason, and only shows him obstacles without indicating to him the ulterior object.—Thus, he does not want Mr. Such-a-one to be in place, because Mr. Such-a-one is an advocate for the equality of rights, and it will be impossible to *advance* as long as Mr. Such-a-one is in power.—He does not want Mr. Such-a-one to remain in France, because Mr. Such-a-one, who is an enemy to royalty, is still a greater enemy to feodality.

But to come at the knowledge of the object of this party, remove for a moment the obstacles they

point out to you, and observe them *advance*, you will soon see whither they tend.

In 1815, the electors, through hatred of the men in the interest of usurpation, threw themselves into the arms of the federal party : and the Chamber of Deputies was composed of *Ultras*. From that moment the roofs of the hall daily resounded with declarations in favour of the ancient social system : a thousand arguments were advanced against the sale of corporate property, against the sale of the state forests, against the fiscal system, *against all the results of centralization*, in favour of the distinct incorporation and independence of the clergy, in favour of the old landed system, *in favour of every thing tending to the renewal of local interests*. All the proposed laws that had no tendency to establish such interests did not pass, why ?—because the Chamber of 1815 wished to UNDO THE REVOLUTION, and because the object of the Revolution, taking the word in its largest acceptation, is the centralization and unity of interests : from that moment all things, and all men, that stand in the way of the re-establishment of the ancient social system were fiercely attacked. There were great shouts for purifying the administration, the army, the courts of justice ; from that moment the government *ceased to advance, or rather began to retrograde*, because it was hurried into a contrary

direction to the operation of civilization, and because, instead of making a progress towards the results of the good principle, it was returning towards the interests of fact, towards institutions sprung from feudal usurpation and the federal league, all children of the bad principle. The dissolution of the Chamber of 1815 was therefore indispensably necessary, and then the government began again *to advance*.

Of the politics of the Ultras.—The *Ultras* have advantages in their position which determine their politics. They were overturned by insurrection at the same time as royalty; they were exposed to every kind of persécution, to the most infamous spoliations: they had for enemies the enemies of social order, men who profaned churches, erected altars to crime, and devoted virtue to the scaffold. Their blood gloriously mingled with the blood of martyrs and of kings. United by a common persecution with royalty and religion, the world has been accustomed to confound them with all that is august and sacred. The prejudice in regard to them being such as to make one forget that they had a distinct individual interest in opposing insurrection, it must appear strange to men who exist in a middle region of ideas, that the nobles having done every thing *for the king*, the king should not do every thing for them; that having

lost their rights by the same blow which destroyed the rights of royalty, they should not resume them when royalty resumes its own.

All this may furnish the party with many arguments which will not be without weight in the opinion of the multitude; but though the vulgar can perceive only this lower kind of justice, there is a higher species of justice which alone ought to influence kings.

From the situation of the *Ultras*, it becomes their policy to put on the cloke of royalism to combat with the men and things opposed to their party: it is for the king's interest therefore that they doom the French of the new system to exile; it is through royalism that they ask power, employments, and honours for themselves only; in short, it is for love of the king that they attack the king's government, labour to turn public opinion against it, do their utmost to make all the works of wisdom appear unjust and prejudicial to the state; and as it is difficult to reconcile such efforts with the respect they profess for the sovereign, they affect to make no mention of the king's name in their public accusations, but to designate only his ministers; a political foolery, which they the more readily adopt, as in fact it is not the person of the monarch which is in their way, but his government, that is to say, his ministers; and when they find in their

conduct nothing to ground their animosity upon, they impute secret views to them, a resource ever ready for accusers who have no other.

One of the most usual practices of this party consists in confounding, in the mere acceptation of the word *Revolution*, the crimes, follies, and misfortunes that sprung from the insurrection of 93 with institutions which time has unfolded, which the nineteenth century has adopted, and which the charter has consecrated: thus, with them, the Septemberer and the Constitutional Royalist, he who killed the king and he who would lay down his life in defending him, are equally *Revolutionists*; the man who overthrew, and the man who is endeavouring to re-establish monarchy, are both *Jacobins*; and as *Revolutionists* and *Jacobins* are beings not very estimable, we must abjure the improvements of the age we live in, or be silent, if we wish not to be blackened in the drawing-rooms where the *Ultras* prevail.

The ministry fear the *Ultras*, and with some reason, for the *Ultras* are honourable persons, and their personal character gives a weight to their political character; but all the harm they can do the government is reduced to harassing them: having against them the age, which they cannot prevent from advancing, they are forced to follow its progress to harass it; so that they are themselves

going further and further from the point to which they want to bring back society : and so we have seen their first writers entering into all the constitutional principles, and arming themselves with the charter to attack a government suitable to the times; the last resource of a party not strong enough to attack its enemy in front, and which, in abandoning its entrenchments, has made its existence dependent on the existence of the laws of exceptions which serve as a pretext for its attacks.

The secret wish of the *Ultras* is to make themselves masters of the administration, in order to influence the elections, and have the whole legislative power ; differing in this from the Jacobins, who desire to have power over the elections for the purpose of turning out the Ministers, and composing the administration according to their own views.

The saying, trivial as it is, *Go out of that place that I may go into it*, is the motto of all parties.*

* It is to be understood that I mean to speak in this chapter only of the *Ultras*, who form an opposition party acting against the king's government. All royalists, who, though differing in opinion as to the system pursued by the government, have not therefore ceased to be faithful and devoted subjects, cannot suppose themselves included in the definition given at the commencement of this section respecting the party. Besides, I observe with pleasure that the number of those I did include diminishes daily.

Of the Jacobins.

I have said, that the spirit of insurrection had its source in our schools, because the states of Greece, whence we take all our notions of politics, were, by conquest, made complicate; because right and injustice were both included in them; and because whenever the good and the bad principle are put together, they must have a continual struggle, the alternate results of which are usurpation and insurrection. We must not be surprised then that the Jacobins, who are no other than the men in the interest of insurrection, find means to perpetuate their dangerous doctrines, since our public education takes pains to prepare adepts for them. Do governments appear very consistent in ordering citizens to despise and hate maxims which they proposed for their love and imitation at an age when the impressions we receive are graven in indelible characters? * Where is the school-boy, a little advanced, who is not a Jacobin? Where the young artist who has not his head stuffed with republican notions? In what Lyceum is there any pains taken to point out to the pupils the differences of position, which render what at Rome and Corinth was laudable and generous, criminal and anti-social in France? What classi-

* See Note VIII.

cal work teaches us the knowledge of national interests, and the forms of government incompatible with those interests? I am not afraid to say, that it will be impossible to extirpate from among us the spirit of insurrection and of anarchy, until a complete revolution shall have taken place in our elementary books, from the grammars to the histories and philosophical treatises.

Were it not for this defect in education in France, the state would be in an admirable situation as to the Jacobins. The doctrines of these men are estimated by experience. France went through a ten years' course of experimental Jacobinism; and she knows, by the evidence of her senses, the absurdity of those doctrines. She is entitled to make this unanswerable objection to the Jacobins: "You were the sovereign masters of my destiny: you attacked and threw down all that impeded your system: you levelled the ground: you were at full liberty to lay your foundations and execute your plans. Who molested you in your structures? What obstacle, out of yourselves, counteracted your labours? You destroyed every thing, what did you re-build? You could found no government; and when you had exhausted your fruitless attempts, you gave up the work, and took refuge, through remorse and fatigue, beneath the cloke of an usurper, to

hide your shame and infamy under dignities and ribbons. What more can you have to propose to us? Is there a single argument of yours, the end of which we cannot see? Have you a single principle, whose filiation and consequences we should not immediately perceive? Is there one of your mighty words which does not present to our minds some fault, misfortune, or crime? Those words are no longer the signs or representations of ideas, but images of terrible facts. When a nation knows all by experience, there is no more room for fancy to work."

This reasoning, which every one may be sensible of, is a sufficient obstacle to a complete triumph of this party, but cannot prevent their doing still a great deal of mischief to France, and embarrassing the government, because interest is stronger than reason; and because men who have staked their life on the non-existence of morality, religion, and monarchy, have an unalterable interest that morality, religion, and monarchy should not exist. The very pronouncing of these words before them is enough to irritate their selfish feelings, awaken their fears, and rouse all their passions: they see direct attacks upon their fortune, character, and actions, in all the efforts made to establish in this age a code of doctrines, in which their sentence of condemnation is written, and all those

eternal ideas of good and evil which they supposed they had destroyed, because they had violated them.

If the reader admits with me, that the Jacobins are men in the interest of insurrection, and also that the object of the revolution is the centralization of interests, he will be less surprised to find that Jacobinism has nothing in common with the revolution: the revolution tended to purify the social order from the interests of fact, and insurrection raised the interests of fact in the social order. According to the revolution we should be governed by the nature of things, and according to the Jacobins by men; the revolution would bestow upon us true liberty, and an equality of civil rights; the Jacobins led us to the yoke of the most shameful oppression, and under the empire of a new feudal system.

In support of this reflection, I may adduce the example of several small states of Germany, where the revolution was effected in a month, and without any shock, because it was effected without the Jacobins. In the duchy of Saxe-Weymar, the deputies of the *Tiers-etat*, and those of the nobility, abolished in a single transaction the privileges attached to the estates of the latter, in consideration of an indemnity paid by the constituents of the former to the proprietors of those estates.

They had no need either of Grecians or Romans for so simple a transaction. This grand work was accomplished under the auspices of the sovereign, and great care was taken not to have recourse to the people, "whom," said Mirabeau, "it is easy to unmuzzle, but who is not to be *muzzled again* at one's pleasure."

Were the Jacobins men of the revolution, they would frankly unite themselves to the government which advances in the acknowledged sense of the revolution; but they are the men of insurrection. For them to triumph, the public order, which accuses them, must be again overturned, and men must be in a permanent insurrection against justice, legitimacy, religion, against all the powers of heaven; now a permanent insurrection is impossible.

[*Of the Politics of the Jacobins.*—As the Jacobins now make common cause with the Buonapartists, and as their politics are the same, I will treat of this head when I have spoken of the latter.

Of the Buonapartists.

It is remarkable that the Jacobins were unable to found any government, precisely because they were the men of insurrection, and because insurrection can only destroy. When all was destroyed,

Buonaparte came in and upon a fact, that is usurpation, laid the foundations of a social edifice, which would most certainly have lasted, had it been raised in an age of less general civilization. If we look back and reflect ever so little, we shall find that governments founded on violence can only be established in barbarous times, because then all interests are attached to local existence, and a state pays no attention to what is doing in the neighbouring states. Let us suppose that a set of robbers in our days should take it into their heads to found a new Rome in some corner of the Alps; can we believe that the surrounding nations would suffer a power inimical to the rights of nations to be thus formed among them?

Buonaparte's usurpation resulted from an act of conquest. When there existed in France a great number of enemies to the old order of things, he placed himself at their head, and conquered France; his empire rose as that of the Franks had risen, as every empire rises which is founded on conquest—by a new feudal system. Men who held the power of the sword in their hands, said to us, as the Romans said to our fathers: "We are all, you are nothing; and we have given the safety of the slave to the eagle of St. Cloud, as our ancestors the Gauls gave it to the eagle of the Capitol." We look down before a baron of the imperial

guard, as our ancestors looked down before a baron of the army of Clovis.

The Buonapartists then, as well as the *Ultras* and Jacobins, had the revolution against them, because, as I have already said, the object of the revolution was the death of the interests of fact, and the triumph of natural rights ; whereas usurpation founded a new interest of fact, and could not maintain itself, but by the continual oppression of natural rights.

Thus have we seen more than once the men of the ancient feudal system hold the same language, and extol the same principles as the men of the new feudal system. It is not long since M. de Ch. . . . , in a journal, writing on the subject of the insurrection of Fernambouc, praised the institutions of Buonaparte's government.

Although there do not exist two parties more opposite in their principles than the Jacobins and Buonapartists, a common interest has united them whenever they have had to combat legitimacy. When Buonaparte returned from Egypt, he was pushed on to the very Tuileries by the interest of insurrection, which preferred usurpation to the restoration of legitimacy. When he returned from Elba, he entered by the interest of usurpation and by that of insurrection together. Had Buonaparte triumphed over legitimacy, the men of those two

interests would have cut one another's throats the next day. Besides, it is not irrelevant to remark, that usurpation and insurrection belong to the same class of ideas. Were not Cæsar and Brutus both Romans? Are they not equally admired by our school-boy Romans?

I need say no more to account for the union of the Jacobins and Buonapartists: let us now see what are the politics of these two parties.

The Liberals.

I have already had occasion to remark* that in France we too easily suffer parties to usurp words to which high notions of public good are affixed: we know how dearly we have paid for the words *national*, *patriot*, &c. &c., on the banners of the monsters who destroyed the *nation* and ruined the *country*; and we are not yet aware what the word *liberal*, on the banners of men in the interest of fact, will cost us. It is to this deplorable easiness we must impute the real corruption into which our political language has fallen. Is there a word that has among us a determinate sense, and which, in certain mouths, signifies precisely the contrary of the signification given in our old dictionaries? The word *philosophy* formerly signified *the love of wisdom*; it has served among us moderns as a

* See Note IX.

prototype of every kind of extravagance, and may now almost be construed *the love of folly*. The word *liberty* signified, under Robespierre, and also under the consulate, *oppression, slavery*. The expression, *liberal ideas*, means at present, *outrage, military system, &c. &c.*—So that one might say of a certain personage, that he is as *philosophical as an ax, and liberal as a bayonet*.

This diverging of signification was the more easy as the opposite parties laboured respectively to effect it: the *Jacobins* and *Buonapartists* to cover their turpitude with respectable garments; the *Ultras*, that those respectable garments might be soiled in touching the filth of Jacobinism. The former thought of making friends in this age, by concealing themselves under the cloke of liberal ideas: the latter of disgusting the age with liberal ideas, by muffling in their cloke men devoted to its hatred and contempt.

And such is the confusion into which we have been plunged by these parties, that if we praise *philosophy* we may be accused of extolling *folly*; that if we decry *philosophy*, we may be accused of decrying wisdom; that if we extol the *revolution*, we may be told that we are boasting of scaffolds and anarchy; if we speak degradingly of it, we shall be told that we are enemies to the progress of knowledge, and to the natural rights consecrated

by the charter; and, in fine, if we praise *liberal ideas*, we shall be accused of being *Jacobins*; and of being *Ultras*, if we speak against them.

Compelled as the Jacobins and Buonapartists were to unite their strength against legitimacy, they could not but choose a common banner. It was requisite that the word for this banner should be sufficiently vague, to comprehend all the notions opposed to the old order of things: the word *liberal* was inscribed upon them, and the party took the field.

The head quarters of this party are established in some gilt offices of the Chaussée-d'Antin; there it is that the measures to be taken for the common interest are discussed; there it is that the news, the anecdotes, the bons-mots to be circulated in public, for the purpose of flattering the popular passions, and maintaining the hatred and hopes of subaltern members, are fabricated; there it is that men and things of the royal party are blackened, disfigured, and dressed grotesquely to be afterwards *thrown to the beasts*; there it is that the apotheoses of brethren who fall into the hands of the Prevotal courts and courts-martial are decreed; in a word, it is there that all that is to be done and said through the day is determined upon, just as the commanders of regiments regulate every morning the duty of the officers of their garrison.

The leaders of this kind of tribunate possess great influence, because, by means of the profession which they exercise, they hold the fortunes of all. They have their orators, on whom they bestow property to render them eligible to the chamber of deputies. They have their songsters, who undertake to make respectable magistrates unpopular, and to make the little girls and shopmen of the *Rue Vivienne* laugh at kings and priests. They have their journals, which, not being able to attack things, make themselves amends by tearing the protectors of them to pieces; in fine, they would, upon need, find sufficient force for a *coup-de-main* among the men of the military system, whose hopes they buoy with the most officious zeal.

Just as the *Ultras* could not war against the age, but by attaching themselves to its progress, and entering into the constitutional principles, so the *Liberals*, in order to attack the government, have been compelled to enter little by little into the principles of royalty; it is thus that the journals of the faction daily make concessions, a single one of which is enough to overturn all their secret maxims; it is thus that the leaders of the party, to make their cloke thicker, call themselves *the first grenadiers of the hereditary magistrate*. But look under this cloke, and you will see, col-

lected in file, all the men of insurrection and usurpation, from the Jacobin of 93, to the federate of the hundred days ; you will see men of the ax and of the sabre, eagles and red-caps.

And how should you be encouraged by the language of these men, when your enemies are not alarmed by it ; when they, whose whole life the sight of the king accuses, are not terrified at hearing the name of the king proclaimed by their leaders and their tribunes ? . . .

If ever they are able, by means of the elections, to have a majority in the chamber, they will strive to obtain the administration.

If they succeed in obtaining the administration, they will seize all the employments.

Once masters of all the posts, they will tell you their secret.

But is this secret of theirs still a secret to us ? Did not one of their orators let it slip last year, in the chamber of the deputies ? Did he not say, **IT IS USURPATION ALONE THAT CAN TRANQUILLIZE THE INTERESTS OF USURPATION ?**

It is not difficult to draw the inference of this proposition, and both parties have accordingly done it, the one very loudly, the other very low.

Therefore, cried the *Ultras*, sacrifice the interests of usurpation, since you cannot secure them but by placing an usurper on the throne.

Therefore, muttered, *in petto*, the *Liberals*, Let us place an usurper on the throne, since it is the only way to tranquillize the interests of usurpation.

It would, in fact, be difficult for the government to get out of this dilemma, were the major proposition as just as the deduction : the question is not about tranquillizing the interests of usurpation, but leaving them undisturbed ; which is a very different thing. The matter is to act as you would with fire, to leave it its prey, but not to throw to it what it has not taken. It is proper to devote to oblivion the faults of the revolution ; but this oblivion can only extend over men, and over events accomplished, not to the principles which produced those events, and which would produce others of the same kind. We are not to sacrifice moral order altogether to the perishable interests of a party. The concession we make to the past cannot compromise the future ; in short, if we would adopt the avowed object of the revolution, we would not make interests triumph, which, as I have demonstrated, are completely opposed to that object.

But we are already reaping the fruit of the firm conduct which the government has maintained in regard to parties. The necessity which has compelled the factions to abandon their entrenchments,

and to arm themselves, these with constitutional, and those with monarchical principles, is a great step towards the triumph of order. Though there is every reason to suspect the candour of their language, this important truth does not the less follow, that the more they advance with the age, the more impossible will they find it to return to the points which they have abandoned. The time is not so distant as is thought, when we shall be able to say, that there are no more parties in France, though there are party men; there will be no longer, properly speaking, *Jacobinism*, *Buonapartism*, or *Feudalism*, but merely *Jacobins*, *Buonapartists*, and *Ultras*. That is, let the government persevere, and the question will be soon confined to individuals; and to predict the end of our embarrassments, we shall have only to consult Buffon's tables of mortality. The anti-social interests depending only upon lives, the fund will be very soon annihilated.

Of the Laws of Exception.

The parties attack the laws of exception with the same zeal, because they are a stumbling-block in their way. They advise the lion to cut off his claws: How shall he defend himself when he has cut them off? Those laws, say they, are oppressive; but wherever injustice rests, right will be

oppressive to it ; wherever the interest of insurrection exists, there oppression has its place marked : does the interest of insurrection still exist in France ? If it does, it must of necessity oppress or be oppressed.

Of Legitimacy.

Legitimacy is royalty adopted by heaven. Seen from the heights of civilization, it appears to our eyes amidst the august train of the virtues, to which it is closely allied. Where it exists in society it assures us of the existence of justice, order, truth, and religion : and where it is wanting those too are wanting.

Legitimacy, then, makes an essential part of social order ; it is pre-existent to royalty, and, like all pre-existing beings, of which the moral universe is composed, produces constantly the same effects upon the earth. Those effects are so evident, so invariable, that legitimacy, in spite of its elevated and mysterious nature, is become to us as real as power and motion.

All royalty is derived from the people ; this is an incontrovertible truth ; but legitimacy is the daughter of Heaven. The epoch when royalty enters into legitimacy is one of those points that are imperceptible to observation, and which veil themselves in the mysteries of time.

Seen from a less elevated point of view, it is a right which is to other rights what the *key-stone*, placed by architects in the middle of the vault to sustain the two sides, is to the other stones of a portico. Take away that key-stone, the portico falls in; take away that right, the whole social edifice gives way, and the deformities of fact perch themselves insolently on its ruins.

Wherever there is no legitimacy, there is room for usurpation; wherever there is room for usurpation, there is room for insurrection; which was constantly the alternate progress of all the ancient states, whose people had not raised their ideas to the elevation of this principle.

Thus, so far from legitimacy being opposed to natural rights and the primitive interests of nations, it is from those natural rights and primitive interests that it draws a part of its power.

Allow that all men are equal, to preserve that equality it is absolutely necessary that right should occupy the place of fact, which, without right, would destroy it. It is to prevent any man from stepping forth to place himself above other men, that this right has been established among other rights. Flowing from social interest, it does not attribute to the person invested with it, as he passes through life, any superiority of personal merit, with which the self-love of individuals

might be offended. The higher civic pride and the sentiment of equality are carried in a nation, the higher should legitimacy be raised in the ideas of that nation, in order that, at that height, the man who governs may entirely disappear from the eyes of the citizens, and the king be lost in royalty. Liberty contributes no less to the consecration of this grand principle ; it would have every thing to fear from the man whom physical power should raise to the throne, because physical power only could keep him there ; it has nothing to fear from him whom right adopts, because no legitimate king needs resort to the means of usurpation.

Among us this principle becomes the stronger from the peculiar situation in which we are : let the factions triumph over it, and you will see the Plaigners, the Carbonneaus, &c. &c. impudently perched upon the throne, which will then cease to be any thing more than *a board covered with velvet* ; you will see France devoured by the bloody pack of anarchists, and foreign ambition coming in at the carnage ; Austria will demand of you Lorraine and Alsace ; England will demand of you Guiana ; Holland will want Picardy ; and Sardinia Provence, &c. &c.

In a more general acceptation, the word legitimacy means, also, the harmony and triumph of all rights ; it infers the reign of institutions sub-

stituted for the reign of men ; it gives an idea of a moral power composed of the regulated action of all moral powers ; it therefore attains the avowed object of the revolution, by closely binding with a sacred tie the bundle of all rights and interests, and by realizing that grand problem of society, whereby the state becomes the *commonwealth, res publica*.

Conclusion.

If it be admitted, that all the civic rights, the nature and tendency of which I have endeavoured to explain, have freed themselves in France of the fetters with which the principle of fact had loaded them ; if it be admitted that those rights have, by the sole effect of time, recovered their original force and purity, and that they have established in the notions of the age a powerful and general interest, which will become still more powerful as party interests die away, it will be found, that the existence and harmony of all those rights form among us the *constitution* of the body politic, and we shall only have to open the charter to be convinced, that in France *the system* is perfectly accordant with the *constitution*.

All further apprehensions then for the health of this body politic are unnecessary, provided it is not condemned by a weak terror to silence and

inaction; provided timid considerations, and a dangerous forbearance, do not suffer anti-social interests to perpetuate themselves at its side; it is time for it to feel its strength, and enjoy its existence, though that existence be the death of the factions; it is time for it to rise and walk, though it should crush some worms in its way; it is time for it to say to the world, "I am the offspring of the age;" and let rising generations acknowledge its divinity by its glory and its power.

The government, no doubt, does much to promote public spirit in repressing the factions; but, in my opinion, they are actuated by a false generosity, in not exposing them to public indignation. The business is not about treating all the classes of interests with impartiality, and keeping them in a state of equal inaction, but to raise the national interest upon the ruins of party interests. The business is not to reduce a shocking confused babbling to a state of silence, and calamitous agitations to the stillness of death, but to silence all voices by the great voice of the age, and to fetter all anti-social will, in order to leave the will of society more free and more commanding. In short, the business is not to restrain the good and the evil principle with an equal force, lest the former should crush the latter; on the contrary, the evil ought to be crushed; the false saplings that injure

the tree ought to be removed, that a healthy and vigorous sap may supply the stem with strength, dart flourishing branches around, and multiply its fruits in future years.

And it is peculiarly in the name of that futurity that I call for a bolder policy, for firmer and more confident measures: if truth hide her light, and fear to face the hideous features of the factions, the glare of their torches will be the first light seen by our children; the old conflagration of 93 will daily find new fuel; its embers, instead of cooling, will rekindle with all the heat of youthful passions; the interests of insurrection will be perpetuated in society; the evil principle will be continually demanding of you new concessions, and the system of the laws of exception will be prolonged indefinitely.

But, it will be said, as these laws press upon the party-men, they ought also to protect them; the liberty of the press being denied to them, it would be very cruel to let it operate against them; they cannot be given up defenceless to the attacks of their adversaries; since they are not allowed to profess doctrines which might justify their actions, those actions ought at least to be protected from the contemptuous epithets that might be thrown upon them. . . .

Fatal generosity, in which consists all the

strength of your enemies ! Do you not see that in observing the rights of war with those who are already condemned, you allow that they have the right of making war against you ? that you erect an illegitimate opposition into a power ; illegitimate as it threatens the constitution ? Thus it is that the national interest condemns itself to the tactics of the factions ; thus it is that we see a question settled by the charter continue to be discussed, and that our youth, seeing several banners, ask themselves which is the country's. . . .

But the system of forbearance and regard observed with party-men seems to me so untenable, that even those who have adopted it are forced at times to abandon it ; let but a decisive circumstance present itself, let the hour of battle arrive, the necessity is felt of recurring to arms, which we were forbidden to use. Had the government in six months been one quarter as active in discussing politics, through the medium of the press, as it was in eight days, at the time of the late elections, they would have felt no inquietude at the approach of that critical period ; the men who were formidable to them would not have had the inconceivable audacity to re-appear in the lists disguised as independents ; simple biographic quotations would have punished their impudence, and prevented their pretensions. The names of 93, and of the 20th

of March, would not have dared to appear on the list of candidates, and France would not have been menaced by those who have never appeared upon the political horizon without bringing in their train tempests and calamities.

Do we think ourselves obliged to pay regard to the authors of our misfortunes? Oblivion is all these men should have. From that refuge they should never be permitted to stir without being stunned by a thousand accusing voices; as the ominous birds of night cannot, after the dawn, leave the dark retreats of their hollow trees, without being assailed and battered by a swarm of the morning birds.

It is, no doubt, painful to say to men who hold an honourable place in society, and who, in their private conduct, are probably estimable in more respects than one, that their political life is made up only of crimes and follies, and that their principles merit only the contempt and hatred of the worthy: such truths are, I know, very harsh, and very repugnant to the urbanity and politeness of well educated persons. Nevertheless, it cannot be too often repeated, it is not politeness that is in question, but to save France; and to save France it is necessary to elevate the public morals; and to elevate the public morals, it is indispensable that the words used to express them should re-

sume their real meaning; and that those words should resume their real meaning, we must take care not to invest with authority men whom the sense of those words would hurt. No doubt we want enlightened men, wise, and accustomed to business; but what we most want is, to despise what is despicable, to hate what is hateful, and to honour what is honourable. Though they who served France under Buonaparte must not be excluded from employments, they who served Buonaparte against France should, perhaps, be kept out of them. There are certain men, who, on account of their inconsistent conduct, can hardly be made partakers of the sovereign's favours without an injury to public morals. Good and evil must be indifferent in a nation, where it is indifferent in its government. A Frenchman, who, during the revolution, was led away by his ambition to the commission of actions little to his honour, may now experience a sincere repentance for what he did, and atone by zeal and attachment to the king: certainly, and especially in politics, there are no unpardonable sins; and I am far from thinking, that the error of a day should cost the peace of a whole life. But does it thence follow, that in political matters repentance is to be treated as virtue? Does it follow that men whose faults are public, and whose repentance can only

be known to themselves, are to be raised above their fellow citizens? You do not know, I shall be told, what a multitude of little considerations occasioned the recall of these men. No; but I know that little considerations are the death of great things; and if these considerations are allowed to stand between morals and their application, we shall never be extricated from the confusion of ideas into which we are plunged.

It follows, from these reflections, that the system of blending parties is the most pernicious that can be adopted. Let us raise, free from the corrupted elements which France throws forth, and upon the principles of the charter, a new nation, delivered from regret and remorse, and let us take care not to contaminate its purity by an odious amalgam.

Besides, it is but justice that men who finished playing their part amidst the hisses of Europe, should retire from the stage, to re-appear no more. We have given up to them the spoils of the past; let us, at least, save the future from the contagion of their contact. They ruined their age: must they also ruin ours? Why not try, at length, to do without them? There are names from which we can never separate ideas of anarchy and oppression; to bring back these names to the government would be to bring back also all those

ideas ; it would be presenting the same men in new coats ; and we know how easily they can turn them.

The hundred days, methinks, was a sufficient criterion of the revolutionary adherents.

The session of 1815 was a criterion no less certain of the adherents of the ancient system. Why not look to these two criterions as an invariable rule ?

And do we conceive that among those who belong to neither of these classes of men there is not to be found a great number who are worthy to be at the head of affairs ? Do we conceive that Frenchmen, friends of the charter, are not to be as much depended upon as converted revolutionists ? Do we conceive, that they have less talent ? And are they, from being purer, less fit for great things ?

But, it will be said, what is that purity which has never been tried ? It is a purity still preserved : an advantage of fact, which we have over our ancestors. It is something to be in that political maiden state, which leaves a man a right to think himself virtuous ; in that independence of the past, which permits him to be so in fact. Who would dare to say, that the Frenchmen of to-day do not excel those of yesterday ? that they would not in similar circumstances be either wiser or bolder ?

that they would as readily sacrifice all that is noble and sacred in the opinion of men to base interests? that they would, without more scruple, sell their honour and their country to the insolent ambition of a soldier? Who, in short, would dare to say to our youth, that slavery and baseness would find among them subjects as numerous and as eager as among their predecessors in public affairs? I can boldly declare, that there is not one who would not feel himself insulted by such suppositions.

O you! who are labouring with such laudable solicitude for the regeneration of the monarchy, when you find yourselves fatigued by the impediments thrown in your way by the hypocritical perseverance of the factions, when you despair of composing a public spirit with so many heterogeneous interests, so many opposite pretensions, when at length you are tired of men of past times, have recourse to men of the present! Perhaps they will tell you the secret of the safety of France, and show you the glorious prospects which the king has realized in the CHARTER.

CHAP. XII.

EVENTS.

SUCH were the extravagances which flowed from my pen, when I was suddenly interrupted by the noise made by a key, which somebody was putting into my lock. My door opened, and one of the keepers of the establishment came in. He seemed surprised to find me writing, and desired me to go to bed, adding, that he would return in a few minutes to take my light. He spoke with the air and tone of a man who had received his orders, and was not to be shaken from his duty. I therefore made no attempt to persuade him into any accommodation, and I suffered him to go away without making the slightest objection.

I know not whether the reader will understand an oddity in my character: I am not more obliged to those whom I love for thinking for me, and determining my actions by imperative expressions, than I am disposed to resist the command of those who have no other right to command than that which their situation gives them. My resolution even seems to take a contrary direction to the

orders they give me. Thus, though I was really fatigued, and stood in need of sleep, the warning which the keeper had given me, excited in me an extreme repugnance to going to bed, and I spent the few minutes he left me alone, in running my eye cursorily over the pages I had that evening scribbled.

However, when I heard his steps in the passage, it occurred to me, though a little late, that this man would find me in a situation which would necessarily bring on a useless altercation, that could not but end to my disadvantage, as he had strict orders, which no opposition of mine could affect. To avoid all explanation, I threw myself into my bed with my clothes on. He came in, and, taking up my light, retired without speaking a single word to me.

It was my intention, as may be supposed, to rise as soon as he was gone, and pull off my clothes; but somehow or other I fell into a train of thought which prevented me. I at first delayed from time to time making the effort necessary to move my limbs and get out of bed; and whether it is that the body, in its horizontal position, gives more hold to gravitation than in a perpendicular line; or that the fatigue of the day had weakened the activity of my will; or, in short, that the warmth which gradually communicated itself to the bed

relaxed my fibres and bound me by an agreeable coherence to the bed-clothes, my resolution continued in perspective; and becoming more vague, and weaker and weaker, was at last entirely absorbed in sleep which completely overpowered my senses.

I know not how many hours I lay plunged in this entrancement, in this internal life in which the soul alone is active in its case of motionless matter, when I was suddenly awakened by a frightful noise in the next room. It was a clattering of furniture and trampling of feet, accompanied with dreadful shrieks. A smell of *burning*, which I instantly perceived, alarmed me exceedingly, as I associated the ideas of fire and its attendant horrors with the tumult I heard. I sprang out of bed, and ran to the door, which I was attempting to force, when it was thrown open by the keeper, who cried to me, "Come out, Sir, the house is on fire." I did not wait for a second bidding: by the light of the flames I saw M. de la Guichardière in the adjoining chamber, defending himself in a most furious manner, and swearing at several servants, one of whom had already wrenched from him part of a chair with which he had armed himself, while others were endeavouring to draw the burning pieces of the bed into the middle of the room, those being the principal part of the fire. On seeing this I had not the

least doubt that he had executed the project of conspiracy of which he had spoken the day before ; and I blamed myself for not paying more attention to it, and for not making it known to the director of the establishment.

The passage was soon crowded with the patients, who had been all let out of their cells, and with the people of the house bringing water. As the crowding round the room which was on fire obstructed the way, and rendered it more difficult to be of service, we were ordered to go down to the refectory till the fire was extinguished. I was not one of the last to obey ; for I conceived, in such a case, that the number of hands would be less useful than the confusion would be dangerous, and I saw besides a greater number of servants than were required to put out the fire, which had not had time to make much way.

When I got to the bottom of the stairs I found the garden-door open. The beauty of the night, the brilliant shining of the moon, and the fragrance of the parterres, offered too tempting a nocturnal walk, to suffer me to think of shutting myself up unnecessarily in an eating-room with my companions in misfortune ; and, whether it was that I was not observed by the keeper who attended us, or that it was not thought of consequence whether I waited in or out of the house, nobody prevented

my going out ; and I was soon in the middle of the garden, happy in finding there the two great friends of my existence, solitude and liberty.

To the man who endeavours to account to himself for what he experiences, there are few moments in life that do not lead to some new discovery, the conclusion of which almost always tends to make him more sensible of his weakness and the instability of his reason. I had gone to bed with the complete conviction of being afflicted with a mental affection which rendered it necessary for me to be confined in a mad-house ; and I had resolved patiently to endure the captivity to which I was condemned, and the treatment, it might be thought proper to prescribe for me. My resignation rested on a chain of reasoning the grounds of which could not certainly have changed during the three or four hours which I had passed in sleep. It is natural then to think that I should have been similarly disposed when I woke ; but it was not so : sleep had broken the chain of my reflections. Suddenly roused from its entrancement by screams, a tumult, and the sight of a danger in which I thought myself personally involved, the emotion I felt was so strong and so abrupt, that the antecedent impressions were entirely effaced from my memory. That emotion had, if I may so express myself, surprised my mind before it had again entered into the train of

reasoning which it had created the day before : I, therefore, from that moment, commenced a new flow of ideas, arising solely from the actual situation I was in ; and that situation exalting all my moral powers, rendered the consciousness of them so lively and so palpable, that the consequence to me was a conviction of my faculties being in perfect order, and a sort of shame at having been so ready to adopt the errors which Dr. Anselm and my father had conceived respecting me.

The more easily I had submitted to a detention which appeared to me required by the malady with which I might have been afflicted, the more my mind revolted against the idea of being confined without a cause. I resolved to free myself ; and as it was probable that I should never again find so good an opportunity of escaping, I did not defer the attempt.

I had observed, the day before, that one of the walls of the enclosure was covered with high espaliers, and thither I bent my steps ; by means of the espaliers I easily scaled the wall, which, though very high in the inside, was not very lofty on the outside ; so that by suspending myself the length of my arms, my feet were at no great distance from the ground, on which I let myself fall without any accident.

I will not attempt to describe the joy I felt as soon as I found myself on the plain,

Free to possess the wide horizon's space.

The idea of what I experienced can only be imagined by a prisoner unfettered after a painful captivity. I stood an instant motionless, luxuriously breathing an air which seemed charged with new perfumes for me, and passionately contemplating ground unsoiled by the feet of keepers and of captives.

However, I prized the liberty I had gained too highly to risk it by remaining long in the vicinity of my prison, and I speedily traversed the country, indifferent as to the direction I took, and thinking only of gaining ground.

After running for a quarter of an hour I began to be fatigued, but soon found myself on a great road. I stopped, and was trying in vain to find out where I was, when a sound of carriages, which I heard before me, gave me fresh hope, as I was certain of obtaining from the persons with them the information I wanted to direct me to Paris.

The carriages moved slowly, and I soon overtook the carmen ; but how could I ask them what was so necessary for me to know, without confirming suspicions which they could not but entertain on seeing a man alone, wandering over the fields at

such an hour? How could I, at the very gates of Paris, ask the way to Paris, without danger of being taken for a highwayman, and arrested as such? In this perplexity I observed that the carts were loaded with vegetables, and were very like in shape to those that provided the markets.

I concluded that they were going into the town, and consequently that I was in the right road: I therefore went on boldly, and in a short time the morning rays discovered to me the buildings of the capital.

Another difficulty now presented itself to my mind; it was little to have recovered my liberty, I had still to decide on the use I should make of it. The first thing I thought of was to hire a student's room in some corner of the *Quartier St. Jacques*, and there live as a philosopher on the profits of my pen, without making my retreat known to my parents, lest they should desire to draw me away from it to carry me back to Charenton.

The existence which I promised myself in this my chosen solitude, presented itself to my imagination under the most attractive forms. Absolute master of my time, freeing my life from ceremony and calculation, I left the direction of its course to the inspiration of the moment; no visits, no troublesome people, no account to give of my movements and of my actions, I found myself delivered

from the painful necessity of justifying my notions and whims to persons who could not judge them by sentiment ; I reflected with pleasure that the *Pays Latin** was, of all the quarters of the capital, that where persons the most singular in their manners were the least exposed to the notice and stupid sarcasms of men of the world ; that in that quarter, entirely peopled with writers and artists, it is so common to meet men like nobody but themselves that originals are scarcely remarked ; and the strangest mania appear there quite natural. Certainly, said I to myself, my kind of life which scandalized the good citizens of the *Marais*, and furnished the gossips of the Temple-street with chat for a whole week, will appear nothing more than common to the inhabitants of the street *Vaugirard*, or of the *Place Sorbonne*. To clench the matter, I am far from being so odd as worthy Mr. A. whom one sees, without laughing, walking in the Luxembourg garden, squeezed into a scanty black coat, with a hat the rims of which seem to rival the size of the umbrellas of the *Place Maubert* ; as C. D. with his red face and snuffy nose, his half sleeves and scarlet waistcoat, whom one meets without surprise in the environs of public houses, sleeping over his newly drugged pot of wine ; as the famous R.

* That part of Paris where the University is situated.

who, without frightening the passengers, stalks the whole night long up and down the *Rue d'Enfer*, in a night-gown and cocked hat, audibly correcting the harsh couplets of his translation of *Oberon*; or that estimable professor who appears before every body in a pair of black silk breeches, blue cotton stockings, and an apple-green coat, hunting the stalls for old books, while waiting the hour of applause bestowed upon him by those who attend his course of lectures. What letter of lodgings will be astonished at finding that I spend the night without going to bed, pass half the day without getting up, and whole weeks without speaking? Not one of them but has several lodgers living in the same way. Indeed, if the house my father lives in were situated in the vicinity of the Luxembourg, he never would have thought of shutting me up at Charenton.

The result of these reflections was a confirmation of my desire to take refuge in the centre of my tastes and habits: there was, however, at my heart a sort of secret resistance, which without reasoning formed a counterpoise to my reasoning, of sufficient weight to hold my will in suspense.—I felt that I could not put such a project in execution without plunging into despair a father whom I loved, a mother whom I adored, a whole family who would see my loss in so painful a determination. All that

I thought of enchanted my imagination; all that I felt rendered my thoughts impossible, and gave them the appearance of a dream.

While this was passing in my mind I had entered the barrier almost without perceiving it, traversed the Faubourg St. Antoine, and was on the square of the Bastille looking irresolutely sometimes at the boulevard of the Temple, sometimes at the bridge of the Jardin des Plantes.

This was the decisive moment; for the two roads, the one to my right, the other to my left, were in a manner a material realizing of the two sides between which my will was suspended. The way by the Jardin des Plantes presented all the images of well-being and liberty which I had placed in the *Quartier St. Jacques*: the boulevard of the Temple, on the contrary, troubles, shocks, perpetual collisions, and moral slavery, awaiting me in a circle where I was neither comprehended nor appreciated But this way was also the way to my father's house: this no doubt, was the reason of my taking it without hesitation.

The nearer I approached that house the more did the voice which spoke in my heart take an ascendancy over me. It was soon all in all; I no longer reasoned, no longer thought. . . . I was all feeling.—At length I came up to the shop door; it was open, and I entered.—The maid, who was

sweeping, gave a scream on seeing me; the shopman looked at me with astonishment—I flew with the rapidity of lightning through two rooms, and was soon at my father and mother’s chamber door, which I quickly opened, and threw myself into their arms.—My father said nothing to me, but wept; nor could my mother articulate a word for sobbing.—We continued long folded in one another’s arms.

I was the first who could speak: “Here I am,” said I, and for some minutes I could say no more—I then repeated, “Here I am;” and added, “I am cured, I will give you no more uneasiness.” At these words we again embraced; my father, bending his head into my bosom, seemed to wish to conceal a confusion, which I pretended not to observe.

When the first transports of our joy were abated, I briefly related how I had escaped: my mother’s eyes were fixed upon me with the greatest tenderness: my father occasionally averted his, but he pressed my hand with such warmth that his affection was no less marked. “I suffered extremely yesterday, when I left you,” said he.—“I saw it,” replied I, “and the conviction of it was the greatest pain I felt.”

My father was delicately situated with respect to me, I was therefore eager to prevent all explanation: “Never let us part again,” said I; you are alarmed for my health; I have reflected seriously:

I think I shall be better in future ; besides, if medical treatment is thought necessary for me, I will submit to it here ; all I ask is that I may choose my own physician." This was granted, and I need not say that I did not select Dr. Anselm.

This day was a feast in the house. I have since lived happy with my family, loving and beloved. Mutual concessions have completely reconciled us : they no longer perceive some singularities which will probably never cease making a part of my character ; and, on my side, I begin to take my share of the state of mankind—I am something less spiritual, and wait with more patience for the death that is to give life.

POSTSCRIPT.

READER, my task is not yet finished: I have yet to obtain your pardon. More than once in the course of this work, I have offended your reason and your taste; I have hurt you in your modes of thinking, in the secrets of your self-love, in your favourite opinions. One reflection consoles me, and that is, that I have not scandalized your heart.—In all the extravagances I have placed before you, you have found nothing to warrant your denying me esteem, or to induce you to hate me. Mirabeau used to say: “They have said every thing of me, except that I am a beast.” You will say every thing of me, except that I am a wicked man and a bad Frenchman. You will ask me, why fill a book with such whimsies and incoherences?—I am bound to give the reason. In order to do this, permit me to make use of a figure, the justness of which you will perhaps more easily dispute than its novelty. I compare man, in the three ages of his life, to the human body in the three principal positions of which it is susceptible; we are *standing* in youth,

sitting in manhood, and *lying down* in age. During the time that I was standing, I felt, like another personage, a great desire to run ; with this peculiarity however, that it was without stirring from my place that I travelled the farthest. The time which that other took to scour the four quarters of the globe, I spent in making excursions in the regions of thought. Whilst an irresistible impulse carried away one half of the French from Calais to Vienna, from Vienna to Lisbon, from Lisbon to Moscow, something of a similar ardour carried me away into the sphere of spiritual intelligence and beyond it. Were they less mad than I ? Was I more wise than they ? All I know is that both they and I went in pursuit of fine chimeras ; and, that galloping away, they over the material, and I over the moral world, we have arrived at the same point, that of old Reason. Be this as it may, my travels have not been altogether so fruitless but that I have here and there met with some ideas which I had seen nowhere. As I went quickly I had not time to examine them thoroughly, to investigate their nature and species. I only saw (let me be pardoned the expression) the tail of one idea, and the head of another ; I even perceived some without either head or tail ; and these unconnected members, whose body was hid in darkness, remained present to my view, besieged my brain, and worried my mind

with their incessant phantasmagoria. Such was my situation when I bethought me of *sitting*: I could find but one means of clearing my head of all the trash of abstractions with which it was clogged, and that was to throw them into a book. Hence all those metaphysical reveries, the striking boldness and scèptical novelty of which you have no doubt condemned; hence those literary opinions which you will call *romantic*, and those systems of *transcendental politics* which you will style *inapplicable*. I gave myself completely up to them; for I was liberating myself for the last time; and I thought I should never again have so good an opportunity of venting my hallucinations. Freed from the dreams of my youth, I find my imagination more correct, and my judgment more sound. But you will tell me that I have cured myself at your expense Hush! Gentlemen, you are not so little concerned in my cure as you may think. As I devoted myself to you, and as an imperious instinct impelled me to write, it is probable, with all the care you may take, that you will not be able to stand clear of some of the future effusions of my pen: I shall find means, either by some alluring title-page, or offering you volumes of two pages, like M. Augustus Hus, to compel you to read me some time or other. You are, therefore, in some degree interested that the works I shall compose for

you should be as little tiresome as possible. Now, you need not be afraid of meeting in my future writings the follies which have scandalized you in this. Their being here is a security that I shall not be tempted to produce them elsewhere, unless, like M. Fievée or M. Benjamin Constant, I could submit to become a plagiary of my own works. I will entertain you in future only with things of a real nature, and which you may make use of. The man who had to write this book, and he who has written it, are two different persons. Confess a truth : like Dr. Anselm, you would have sent the former to Charenton : the latter has only to repeat to you what I said to my father : “ *You are alarmed for my health ; I have reflected seriously : I think I shall be better in future.* ”

NOTES.

NOTE I. Page 86.

From the Malberges and the Champs de Mai to our Legislative Assemblies, it is hardly to be believed, that there has been the lapse of the fifteen centuries which we have run through

The analogy which exists between the constitution of the original French, and that by which we are governed at the present time, is one of the remarks which has struck me the most forcibly in history. That this analogy may be the better understood, I think it right to enter here into some details, which I have taken from our best historians.

It must be observed, that the French people was formerly composed of Gauls and Franks. The Gauls, as a vanquished people, were tributary and subdued; the greater part were slaves. The small number of noble families were descended from those patricians who had been raised by the emperors to the dignity of Roman senators. Gregory of Tours, in speaking of the nobility of his time, always gives them the title of senators: *Homo nobilissimus de primis Galliarum senatoribus*. Neither the one nor the other intermeddled with the affairs of government: in putting off the Roman yoke to put on that of the Franks, they did no more than change their masters.

Among the Franks were several conditions : the nobles, and the Franks properly so called. They were all warriors, and paid no taxes.

Titles among them were not hereditary ; those of Duke, Count, &c., were only names of offices, or commissions, which did not remain in families.

The origin of these dignities does not appear even to be derived from the Franks, as is seen by their names borrowed from the Latin : *dux*, one who leads ; *comes*, one who accompanies ; because the dukes, when sent into the provinces as governors, were generally accompanied by twelve counts. Besides, dukes do not seem to have made their first appearance, according to Gregory of Tours, till the reign of Clotaire the First, the son of Clovis. We see, in the same author, that these offices were not permanent. He speaks of one Enodius, who, he says, *had been a duke*.

The assemblies of the *Champ de Mars* were a German institution ; they were called *Maal*, that is to say, *Conference*. It seems that, besides these general meetings, there were others in which points of legislation were discussed proper to certain countries in particular. Several of the ordinances of which the Salic law is composed, are distinguished by the names of the *malberges* where these ordinances were framed. The word *malberge* is, without the least doubt, one composed of *maal* and *berg*, which, in the language of the north, signifies *mountain* ; which gives reason to suppose that these assemblies were held upon mountains.

Under the first race of our kings, the general assemblies were composed of the lords, the bishops, and the *elders*. These elders were probably chosen from among

the Franks, who were not noble. Gregory of Tours mentions them, respecting an assembly convoked by king Gontran, for the purpose of trying the duke who had suffered his army to perish.

This word is again made use of by the continuator of Frédégaire, in speaking of the states of Burgundy, assembled by queen Nantilda, the mother of Clovis the Second, for the purpose of electing a mayor of the palace.

The Franks alone attended the assemblies of the *Champ de Mars*. There they were all armed, because they were all warriors. Historians have different opinions as to the matters which were there discussed.

If father Daniel is to be believed, Clovis and his successors made peace, war, alliances, and other treaties, according as they judged it expedient. They conferred places and honours, assembled armies, and carried them into the field without consulting any one.

M. de Voltaire is of this opinion, in his *Histoire des Parlemens*. However, Boulainvilliers has affirmed, and M. Anquetil has repeated, that they could make peace, but never war, without the concurrence of the nation. But neither of these authors has supported his position by any authority. Tacitus expresses himself in a manner still more contrary to the sentiments of father Daniel. Among the Germans, says he, *Regibus non est infinita potestas: de minoribus rebus principes consultant, de majoribus omnes*.

However, as Tacitus treats of the Germans alone, it may be believed that that people, on their entrance into Gaul, had changed something of their manners.

However it may be with regard to these several opinions, there can be no doubt that the other points of

government were submitted to the consideration of these general assemblies; the Salic law is an incontestable proof of it.

Pharamond and Clovis composed that code, with the assistance of the States. Pithon and Lindenbrock added to it several edicts, dated, some from Attigny, the house of Childebert I, upon the river Aisne; others from Cologne; others from Maëstricht; all promulgated by that prince, after the close of the assemblies of the nation.

It may be concluded, from these historical monuments, that the king proposed laws, and that, after they had been discussed in a general assembly, he sanctioned them by an edict; such is the form which was employed for the canons of the council.

There is extant a letter from the bishops of the council of Orleans, in 511, to Clovis, which ends thus: "In order that, if you judge them worthy of your approbation, you may give it to them, and that the decisions of so many reverend bishops may be rendered more efficacious by the orders of so great a king."

Clovis II confirmed, by an edict of the 18th of March, 615, the canons of the council of Paris, but with important modifications. (*Concil. Gal.* tom. i.)

This custom of regulating the legislation in a general assembly has continued without interruption. "In the seventh century," says the Abbé Millot, "itinerant parliaments, called *Placita* (pleas,) became frequent; the public affairs were there deliberated upon. The opinions were then laid before the king; such questions as were deemed proper were put to him, and he decided as a sovereign."

Charlemagne composed his Capitulars, with the assist-

ance of the States, at Aix-la-Chapelle. A capitular of 801 says, *Cum omnium consensu*: in the capitulars of Charles the Bald, we read, *Lex populi consensu fit et constitutione regis*.

“There,” says Velly, “the great criminals were tried; there the abuses of government were reformed; there the finances were regulated; there the king received the presents of his nobility, &c.”

More than once the differences of the royal family were settled in these assemblies; Galsuinda, the wife of Chilperic, king of Soissons, complained to the States of her husband's infidelities; the nation obliged the king to swear that he would be faithful to his wife. The same interposition of the States is to be found in the quarrels of the Fredegondes and of the Brunehauds.

According to Boulainvilliers, the king presided at these assemblies upon a throne, which had neither arms nor back, to show that he ought to support himself; he was accompanied by the referendary, who had under him his chancellors, so called from the *chancel*, or bars, within which they transacted business. The Mayor of the palace, who is mentioned for the first time in 561,* proposed the laws in the name of the sovereign.

I think then, that I may conclude from these facts:—

1. That the kings had, as at present, the right of regulating peace, war, and alliances, without consulting the nation; that they conferred places and honours; that they disposed of the army; that they administered justice; in a word, that they were charged with the executive power.

* See l'Art de verifier les dates, p. 95.

2. That at that time, as at present, these assemblies were annual; that they employed themselves in considering the laws for repressing crimes, in regulating the finances and the abuses of government, and that they tried great criminals.

3. That the king or his minister proposed the laws; that those laws were discussed by the assembly, but that they were only put in force by an edict of the sovereign.

As to the manner in which these assemblies were composed, we must not forget, that they have always represented the nation, so that, at a period when the conquering people treated the vanquished as slaves, they were composed of noblemen and warriors, because the nation was then noble and warlike; that, at a later period, the clergy were admitted to them, because, by their learning and property, they formed a body in the State; that at length the deputies of the commons were received, when these commons had been able to free themselves from the servitude which conquest had imposed upon them.



NOTE II.—Page 107.

There lived in the thirteenth century, between Damascus and Antioch, an astonishing man, of the family of the Arsacides : his name was Ehissessin.

I have taken a part of these details from a little book full of curious and interesting facts, concerning revolutions and revolutionists, and which appeared in the year V, entitled, *Tombeau de Jacques Molai, &c. &c.* (Paris, Deſenne.)

The author, M. Cadet Gassicourt, at a time when it required some degree of courage to attack the maxims and the men of the revolution, proved himself to be a most dangerous adversary to the Jacobins, by exposing the springs of their politics, and the secret manœuvres of that party. Having read his book, it would be difficult not to conceive the same hatred both for the Illuminati and the Jacobins, whom the author represents to us as pursuing the same object, and obeying the same leaders. "Both of them," says he, (the Jacobins and the *initiated*), "preach the Agrarian law; both foment anarchy; both strike at kings; both seize upon power; both demoralize the people; both enrich themselves at the expense of the state; both are fanatics," &c.—But it is not only upon analogies that the author establishes this identity, he proves, by incontestable facts, that the excitors of the revolution were leaders of the initiated. The following is a passage in his work, which I cite with pleasure, as one of the most eloquent accusations which have been written against the everlasting enemies of the order and happiness of the people.

"During two years," says he, "the adepts held chapters in the palace of the Grand Master, afterwards in the village of Passy. It was there that Sillery, Jacob Frey, Dumouriez, d'Aiguillon, Clootz, Lepelletier, Mer, the Abbé Sieyes, the Lameths, Mirabeau, D C é, Roberspierre, prepared the plans which they delivered to the conspirators of the second order, who were employed to translate them (says M. Cadet-Gassicourt) into the *philosophico-revolutionary* language.

"The gold of Philip was not spared; the parliaments were first divided, afterwards their destruction was

effected. To excite the people to action, d'O monopolized the corn, and had it exported to the islands of Jersey and Guernsey, while his leaders accused the government of bringing on a famine. Their agents ran over the country, assassinating the nobility, the rich, and the priests; burning chateaux, and destroying the crops. The propagandists seduced the troops, and spread themselves over foreign countries; they there prepared the assassination of Gustavus, the commotions of Berlin, the ruin of Poland, the dissensions of Holland, the insurrection of the inhabitants of Liege, and the rising of the Low Countries, &c."

The present year has witnessed in France events of a similar nature, and which may give rise to many reflections. The following article is extracted from the Swiss gazettes, which was repeated by all the Northern newspapers. I leave it to the reader to form his own conclusions:

"It is by the Low Countries that we first received news, that the committee of Bonaparte, who, as is well known, had private agents every where, and who wrote and circulated the *Manuscrit de Saint Hélène*, had discontinued to distribute fees, and had suddenly stopped their payments. This information has been since confirmed from Lyons and Strasbourg, as well as by inquiries, which have been carefully made on this subject. The allowances which were secretly paid to the numerous agents of this committee, scattered about the capital, and in the departments, were so considerable, that an ensign received 150 francs per month, besides having his travelling expenses repaid to him.

"There no longer remains a doubt, that the greater

part of the considerable funds at the command of this committee have been employed to raise the price of grain, and thus to produce in France an artificial famine, in order to excite a general insurrection, which they had in view against the government, the plot of which was already formed.

“ The resources whence the revolutionary committee extracted the funds which they scattered so liberally, and the causes of the sudden change of their projects and their plans might long have been a mystery. We are now tolerably well informed upon these subjects. The stagnation of the payments could scarcely be attributed to a want of stock; for, up to that time, they were well supplied, and it was known that, whatever might have been the expenses, the gains were proportioned to them, on account of the usurious speculations upon grain. The purchases at Odessa had alone produced a profit of twenty-four millions of francs, and it is probable that as much was gained upon the American flour.

“ All these phenomena are explained by the following circumstances: the rich Buonapartists, who had emigrated to America, still possessed secret resources in France, and these were at the entire disposal of the revolutionary committee. Consequently all the endeavours of government to discover whether any supplies came from America were useless, since it was not from thence that they came.

“ These same Buonapartists have now given another direction to their projects. They chuse to establish a colony in the United States of America, in the fertile country of Louisiana, so well known to the French, and they wish to bring over there all those who adhere to

their doctrines. The sums which have been employed hitherto in France for a revolutionary object, must now serve to promote the rapid prosperity of this colony. This explains the reason of the late considerable remittances which have been sent from France to America. Lately there were also sent, from the Low Countries, tons of Spanish doubloons and piastres."

I shall only add one observation to these details, which is, that all the seditious commotions, which have taken place in different parts of France, appear to have been managed so as to burst forth upon the same day. Was this singularity produced by chance?

The *Tombeau de Jacques Molai* is, in my opinion, the best work which has been written upon secret conspiracies; it is, at least, the one which affords most room for thought. M. Cadet-Gassicourt has far surpassed all those who have treated the same subject, either before or since the publication of his book. A new edition of his work would be a desirable object, with an additional chapter, in which he might expose all that the same men have done since the year V, under the names of *Liberals, Independents, &c. &c.* No one is better able than M. Cadet-Gassicourt to complete a work which he has begun with so much talent and success.

NOTE III.—Page 151.

I believe the old world was long inhabited by a great people, who had the same laws, the same religion, the same language.

"The progress of the first men recorded in our his-

tory, the *Gallic* Umbrians repeopling Italy, the *Gallic* Pelasgi establishing themselves on the coasts of Greece, those Gomeritan *Celtæ* settling in Asia; Boreus, the son of a *Celtic* king, governing the Thracians, who peopled Asia Minor; Cignus, the friend of Phaëton and king of the Ligurians, a *Gallic* nation upon the banks of the Eridanus, a country of the *Gallic* Venetes; the conquests of the *Celto-Scythians*, all Spain peopled by the *Celtæ*, all the upper parts of Thrace peopled by *Geltæ* or *Celtæ*, &c.; every thing proves to an impartial man that even at this remote period, when history must give place to fable, the *Celtæ* and the Gauls established their colonies everywhere.”

Voyage au Finistère.



NOTE IV.—Page 151.

The existence of such a primitive and indigenous people, that is, connected by the general tie of country, is indicated by an indubitable similitude, among the monuments of which we find vestiges at points of the old continent the most distant from one another.

Carnac, in Britany, is one of the largest theatres of these monuments; there exists a prodigious quantity of them in this canton, laid out with great regularity and proportion, at the distance of about six yards from one another. This spot, according to the Breton tradition, in the most remote ages, belonged to Druids; it is between the island of the Samnites and the isle of Sein, consecrated by the oracles of the *Gallic* priestesses.

Carnac is indebted to them for its name; derived from *carn*, a heap of stones, and *ac*, a town.

These monuments are numerous in England and its dependencies; those in Salisbury Plain, which are about twenty-three feet high, are the most famous.

There are some to be seen in the island of Anglesea, in the Hebrides, in the island of Boreray, near St. Kilda.

In these countries they are known by the names of Stonehenge, and Cromlechs. Dr. Stukeley is of opinion that their real name is *Ambres*: from the town of Ambresbury, near which there are some to be found.

The English suppose these monuments to be founded by magic; they imagine the builder to have been the enchanter Merlin; Mr. Sammes thinks the Phenicians; Inigo Jones, the Romans: this famous architect discovered in them the Tuscan order. Dr. Charleton, physician to Charles II, believes them to be founded by the Danes.

Dr. Stukeley thinks that some Egyptian priests, who, persecuted by Cambyzes, took refuge in Britany, had piled these stohes.

Others affirm that they were arranged by the Phenicians.

The antiquaries of this country believe that the Druids possessed the art of forming the stones themselves, by binding a kind of gravel with a cement, the excellent art of composing which is lost; they found their position upon the impossibility of transporting such enormous masses, there being no stones of a similar nature to be found in the environs of Salisbury.

The stone taken from the neighbourhood of Poitiers is well known.

I have seen some of these Druidical monuments at Locmariaker, where the ancient town of Vannes is supposed to have stood ; likewise on the roads from Lorient to Hennebont, from Quimperlé to Pontscorf, from Pont-l'Abbé to Penmark, and in the communes of Moëlan and Clohar. They are to be found at Belle-Ile, and in the islands of the Glenans under the bed of a lake.

They are to be met with in Holland, and in Scandinavia. Kircher drew one which is to be seen in Japan.

La Genèse speaks of these lofty stones as monuments, under the names of Galhed and Galgal.

The Turks pretend that they possess the tomb of Mina, the mother of Mahomet. “ This sepulchre is formed of three huge stones, of which two are standing upright, and the third is placed over them ; they are thirteen hands broad and twenty-six high.

Silvester Girard places some upon the mountain of Cyllarus, in Ireland.

The circumnavigator of the Pontus Euxinus tells us that there are some to be found at Trapezuntum, covered with barbarous inscriptions. Saxo Grammaticus points out some on the heights of the mountains of Denmark.

According to Strabo, the pretended temple of Hercules, at the extremity of Spain, was only a collection of Druidical stones.

Mountfaucou says that they are common in Friesland, Westphalia, and all the Northern countries : this celebrated antiquary declares that those of Hummeling, in the Bishopric of Munster can shelter a hundred sheep from the rain.

Near the temple of the ancient Ceres, among the Phenætes, was one of these monuments, called Petroma, be-

neath which were preserved the rites and details concerning the great mysteries.

The ancient sailors affirm that they have seen Druidical stones, at sea, between Guilvinec and Penmark, from fifteen to twenty feet below water, which were held in such veneration that mass was said over them in a boat once a year.

When men, wandering upon different parts of the earth, had lost the meaning of the ancient emblems, the traces of respect for them which remained in their minds turned these stones into divinities. Sacrifices were offered to them, they were crowned with flowers, oil and perfumes were thrown over them; adoration was paid to the god Thermes, and Jupiter-Cappotas; hence the Salagramma of the Bramins, the Salanite stone, the Betyles; hence the oath of the Romans on the stone Jupiter, the stone of the Areopagus, the Alquibile of the Arabs, the Gebul of the Hebrews, the *Ermaioi* and *Tetragonos* of the old Greeks, the pillars of the Machabees, the stone of the Capena gate, which produced at Rome such fertile showers, as the hunting of St. Genevieve at Paris."

Voyage au Finistere.



NOTE V.—Page 154.

We do not sufficiently admire the Gauls: . . . they had more wisdom, juster notions of society, and more intelligence, perhaps, than Greece and Rome together.

They not only claim the attention of future generations by the most remote antiquity, these nations prove them-

selves far superior to the Greeks and Latins from their knowledge in the exact sciences, their wisdom, and above all, the elevation of their ideas, which carried their thoughts to the contemplation of another life in a world more pure than the earth. Their religion did not consist, like paganism, in personifying abstractions for the object of an unreasonable and rude worship; it was a philosophical religion, like that of the original Persians.*

Aristotle, Sosion, and other authors before them, speak of the Druids, as people very much enlightened in matters of religion, and well versed in speculation. †

“The Druids,” says Ammianus Marcellinus, “having a more elevated genius than the others, enlightened themselves by penetrating into hidden things and the highest truths, and, disdaining human affairs, declared the soul to be immortal. ‡

Pomponius Mela speaks nearly in the same manner of these sages: after having said that they chose with great care their pupils from among the children of the first nobility; that they laboured assiduously for their instruction during twenty years in their inaccessible colleges, built in the centre of forests, and surrounded by walls; he adds: “These philosophers have allowed only one of their dogmas to transpire, in order to excite the warlike valour of the nation, that of the immortality of the soul, and of another life among the divine manes.” §

* St. Clement d’Alexandrie. St. Cyrille contre Julien, liv. iii.

† L’Abbé Bannier, liv. vi, chap. 3.

‡ Druidæ ingeniis celsiores; questionibus occultarum rerum, aliarumque erecti sunt; et despectantes humana pronuntiarunt animas esse immortales.—Am. Marcellin, lib. xiii.

§ Pom. Mel. lib. iii, cap. 2.

of robbers who were one day to enslave and ravage the world, some sages among us brought up the people to morality, and conversed with them upon the power of the immortals, and the rewards and punishments of another life.

Thus, while extravagance and injustice flew from pole to pole with the eagle of the Capitol, prudence and justice, inhabiting the forests of the Gauls, spread over those provinces all the benefits of peace and plenty.

NOTE VI.—Page 158.

Then rose the Parliament.

The existence of the parliament, as a counterpoise to sovereign authority, is one of the most extraordinary political phenomena, and furnishes a strong argument to those who believe the constitutional forms of independent societies to be human speculations. We are prevented from gaining an accurate knowledge of every thing belonging to this important point of our history by the custom which our historians have followed, of confounding under the name of *parliament*, both the actual states-general, known by the appellations of *Champ de Mars*, and *Champ de Mai*; and those which kings have since convoked to regulate the great interests of the monarchy, and the *pleas* or royal courts of justice, over which the king presided in person. These last gave birth to parliaments, such as we saw them constituted before the revolution; it is of them alone that I shall speak in this note.

These courts of justice are first mentioned in history towards the end of the sixteenth century; they were called

ambulatory, because they followed the king wherever he was called by the affairs of government. They were a species of councils which he collected round him for the administration of justice. Every duke, every high justiciary baron, had a similar council about his person.

Philip the Beautiful made his parliament stationary at Paris by a decree of 1302, and from that time that body became independent of the king who was dispensed from attending when he had other occupations. This prince created several sovereign courts, upon the plan of the parliament of Paris: one at Toulouse, another at Troyes; the assizes of which were called *the great days of Troyes*. He also rendered the ancient tribunal of the Dukes of Normandy, called the *Exchequer*, stationary at Rouen. These tribunals were courts of the last resort, and decided, in their respective districts, all sorts of causes which formerly were brought from the remotest parts of the kingdom to the royal court. The good which resulted from this new institution determined the sovereigns who succeeded Philip the Beautiful to augment the number of parliaments to what they were in the last century.

In thus fixing the parliament, Philip the Beautiful did not render it perpetual. It appears that each session generally lasted only two months; the king nominated all the members every time (rarely choosing the same), except the secular and ecclesiastical peers, who belonged to this body by right and for life.

Originally, the lay members were chosen among the nobility and the knights, because the *tiers-etat* had as yet no political existence; the ecclesiastical members were chosen among the priors, the choristers, the deans of chapters, &c.

However, Justinian's code, which had been found in Italy, and had begun to gain credit under St. Louis, rendered the proceedings more difficult, and obliged the judges to give great attention to the study of jurisprudence, to which the nobles, being exclusively occupied in war, could not attend. The ignorance of the knights forced the king to give them counsellors from among the people, who, says St Simon in his Memoirs, kept themselves at first hid between the legs of the noble judges, from whence they whispered to them the opinions and sentences. By degrees the knights discontinued their attendance at the sessions, and the *whisperers* took their places.

Thus was the commonalty, from the natural course of things, invested with the high magistracy. But this victory was of no political importance, for in fact the parliaments were nothing more than supreme tribunals, to which appeals were made from the decrees of the *bailiwick's*, and *senechal's* offices.* As long as the feudal government was in full force, the power of the kings was sufficiently curbed by the resistance of the high-justiciary lords, who did not allow the edicts of the sovereign to enter their demesnes till they had undergone the modifications which they thought proper. This curb grew

* The *palais* which goes by that name at the present time, and which was built under the direction of Enguerrand de Marigny, the minister of finances, was given up to the parliament by Philip the Beautiful, and that prince took the Louvre for his residence. But it was not till the reign of his successor that the parliament held its sittings in the *palais*, because it was not finished. It was afterwards enlarged by Henry IV, and since him, by Louis XIII, after the burning of the attorneys' hall.

weaker and weaker, as almost all these fiefs and appendages were united to the crown. And on the other hand, the states-general, which in the beginning assembled every year, were no longer convoked but at distant periods;* so that the sovereign power became in a manner unlimited, when the parliament found itself, Heaven knows how, invested with the right of directing it.

A counsellor of the parliament, of the name of John Montluc, took it into his head to keep for his private use a register of the edicts and memorable facts which came under his cognizance. Several copies were made of this register. The kings who had lost their *chartrier*, or keeper of the acts, got by degrees into the habit of sending their edicts to the clerks of the parliaments, to complete the collection of John Montluc; and thus, by the authority of time and custom alone, no edict could be put into execution till it had been registered by the parliament; and that body usurped the right of discussing the decrees of the sovereign, of adopting or annulling them, as they thought proper; thus, in a word, a political power, whose existence till then was not even suspected, raised itself to the level of the throne, and constrained the will of the prince to bend before the strength of the laws.

What was the first thing registered cannot be known; as the first registers were lost in the fire at the *palais* in

* Saint Louis convoked them, in 1240, against Hugh, Count of March; in 1255, for the reformation of the state; in 1269, for the crusade against the Saracens. Philip the Beautiful, in 1301, against Boniface VIII; Louis le Hutin in 1315, for the taxes. In 1316 they assembled for the coronation of Philip the Long; and in 1327 for that of Philip of Valois, &c.

1618. The first remonstrance was made on the subject of the pragmatic sanction, under Louis XI, in favour of the privileges of the Gallican church.

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NOTE VII.—Page 158.

Civilization has never ceased tending to one object : CENTRALIZATION.

As this is one of the ideas we have obtained by means of the revolution, it could not be expressed by the words of the old dictionary, without adding explanations where the sense of these words appear to be insufficient.

In the common use now made of the word *centralization*, we understand that concentration of the administration which subjects all local interests to the principles of a general theory, the application of which is regulated by the government.

It is evident that it is not in this abstract sense that I employ the word *centralization* to express an idea so extensive as the object of civilization : the question in the passage which I am explaining does not regard a system of administration, but a great historical truth, which may be connected with the highest speculations of philosophy.

In order to determine what is the object of civilization, it suffices to consider two points : FORMER TIMES AND THE PRESENT.

IN FORMER TIMES (in the times of feudal anarchy) Europe consisted of a great many petty sovereignties, each of which had its interests independent of the rest.

AT THE PRESENT TIME, Europe is divided into five or

six nations : indeed, in the first war that breaks out, we shall be perhaps surprised to find that there are but two interests, for there will only be two armies.

IN FORMER TIMES, two barons made war against each other for a field : the neighbouring barons were either at peace, or cutting one another's throats for a different cause.

IN THE PRESENT TIMES, a cannon could not be fired upon the Rhine or the Danube, without echoing on the banks of the Bosphorus and the Ganges.*

IN FORMER TIMES, we may say there was an exclusive public spirit in every square league ?

IN THE PRESENT TIMES, there is scarcely an exclusive public spirit in each nation, for we are already sensible of the existence of an European spirit.

All the little circles of interests have swallowed up each other ; the little centres have dissolved into larger ones, which in their turn have dissolved into the five or six great interests of which the balance of Europe is composed.

The seemingly most opposite political interests daily unite and become one. We have recently seen the autocrat of Russia sign, with France and Austria, a menacing note to oblige a king of South America to restore a province which he had usurped from the Plata.

* One need not be a great prophet to foretell that not only all Europe, but also Asia, will be involved in the first quarrel among us.

Turkey, Persia, the Mahrattas, the East Indies, perhaps Egypt and America, will take an active part in the war ; all the interests of the earth are already ranged in two classes : it would be easy even now to give a survey of the two camps.

The object of civilization is then no longer doubtful. We must be blind not to see that it proceeds onwards from individuality to unity.

Every war, every truce, every alliance, every historical event, has contributed to that great work of time which I call *the centralization of interests*.

Thus the grandees of the earth, the masters of the world, those men so proud of their ephemeral power, while they employed themselves with such activity in the narrow sphere of their personal interest, were in fact, labouring, as blind instruments, towards an end which they little suspected. What advantage then shall we not have over our forefathers, we to whom the revolution has discovered the secret force which governs the world, we who come after the light !

It would be easy to attach to the theory of *the absolute*, which at present occupies every German head, that uninterrupted progress of the human race from individuality to unity ; but such of my readers, whose minds are occupied with these matters, will make without difficulty the two or three inductions which may bind these two systems together : to be understood by others, I should be obliged to enter into explanations, the results of which would certainly not compensate for the labour which they would require.

As for the mode of administration, however, which is called in an abstract sense *centralization*, I am far from thinking it foreign to the question in which we are engaged ; I consider it, on the contrary, as a necessary consequence of the unity of interests ; and if this mode seems to be attended at present with numerous inconveniences, it is, in my opinion, because it is only half established in

France, and because all the good effects of a system can only be reaped when it acts in all the extent and harmony of its springs.

NOTE VIII.—Page 177.

Do Governments appear very consistent in ordering citizens to despise and hate maxims which they proposed for their love and imitation at an age when the impressions we receive are graven in indelible characters?

It is surprising that the ancient nations, who so rapidly acquired the entire domain of human knowledge, and who so quickly attained the limits of the terrestrial world, should have been so slow and unfortunate in the development of their reason. The works of their poets, historians, and philosophers, are full of gross absurdities, which would raise a smile of pity in the least instructed of our scholars. Thus the same Hesiod, who begins one of his poems with this bold, lively, and poetical image—“Muses, who with your dances crown the summit of Mount Parnassus,” &c.; this same author, I say, in another passage, advises us not to make water in the rivers for fear of offending the gods. Thus Aristoxenes tells us that the body of Alexander was naturally perfumed; Plutarch assures us that the jaw of Pyrrhus was one piece; that the head of an ox, separated from the body after a sacrifice, licked its own blood. Thus Pliny, the naturalist, who was not improved by living in a later age, tells us, with the greatest simplicity and confidence, that the soul of one Hermotimus used to wander about for eight

or ten days, and on its return brought to him the news of the distant countries which it had gone over.*

These absurdities, which are to be found in every page of the writings of the ancients, are fortunately not dangerous to our schools, and must, on the contrary, produce the salutary effect of preventing us from granting to men, who could credit such follies, that unbounded confidence which so much pains is taken to inspire us with for them. But there are errors of a different kind, which have had influence as general as fatal over the happiness of all nations, over that of our fathers as well as our own; errors which are inherent in the highest state of morals, and which the human race cannot perceive, but by means of the most improved civilization. It is these particularly that I intend to point out; and, without speaking of those political conceptions of which our revolution has given us so bloody a parody; I shall confine myself to examine what were the ideas of antiquity concerning glory, and particularly military glory.

Homer, who was, perhaps, the first epic poet in the order of talent, only because he was the first in the order of chronology; Homer, from the manner in which he conceived the *Iliad*, created a false and dangerous course, into which the brilliant lustre of his genius, like a light near rocks, has successively attracted all nations, who, for the most part, have wandered and lost themselves in it.

He, undoubtedly, committed a very serious fault, in allowing the physical courage of Achilles to triumph,

* Pliay adds that the Cantharides, his enemies, burned his body that his soul might not find its sheath, when it returned from its excursions.—Plin. lib. vii. cap. 52.

that hot and ungovernable passion, that self-willed valour, which acknowledged neither duty, country, nor subordination; which laid down or took up arms according to selfish passions; and in placing only in the second rank the noble and heroic courage of Hector, who, a good citizen, a good son, a good husband, a good father, flies to certain death in the defence of his country.

This fault has produced immense consequences; it misled all the pagan antiquity, which finished by misleading the moderns; these consequences have taken such deep root in our schools and in our ideas, that it would be rash in me to attack them, if an example, as terrible as recent, did not afford me some support in the attempt.

Where is the young man, who, in reading the *Iliad*, would not rather be Achilles than Hector? And in this preference, which depends only upon the poet's intention, what dangers threaten the country, if this young man is a citizen; what dangers threaten every nation, if he is born to sit upon a throne!

But the whole of my accusation of Homer, and of the Greeks, shall be confined to these two facts; the character and conquests of Alexander were produced by the *Iliad*, and Greece gave the title of *great* to Alexander. The Grecians, in acting thus, showed themselves perfectly consistent; their religion made them venerate such heroes as Theseus, Hercules, and many more ruffians, who were not less so than the Macedonian hero: but we, who are raised above our passions, and armed against pride by a wise religion; how can we, who have been enlightened by experience, be so blinded by our love for men who lived thirty centuries ago in the peninsula

called the Morea, as to be determined to partake of their faults, and smile at errors which have been so often fatal to us.

It is indeed inconceivable, it is even scandalous, that men who have hanged *Cartouche* and *Mandrin* should recommend Alexander to the veneration of their children. In order to justify this mixture of names, which might wound some ears, I shall give a rough sketch of the life of the last of these conquerors, and then leave it to the reader to judge.

On the day on which the temple of Ephesus was burned, Alexander, the son of Philip, was born. He was educated by Aristotle; he was passionately fond of the works of Homer, and carried them about with him in a rich casket, which he had had made on purpose.

He ascended the throne at the age of twenty; one of his first exploits was to raze the town of Thebes, and to put up to sale thirty thousand inhabitants which it contained. Named generalissimo of the troops of Greece, which his father had subdued, he conquered Asia Minor, and danced naked round the tomb of Achilles, the hero for whose memory he had a singular veneration.

On the eve of the last victory which he obtained over Darius, he passed a part of the night with Aristander, his soothsayer, making sacrifices to Fear. When he became master of Suza, he burned the palace of the kings, and carried off all the riches of Persia upon twenty thousand mules and fifty thousand camels.

He caused Parmenion and his son Philotas to be put to death without any positive charge. He killed with his own hand Clitus, his intimate friend, in a moment of anger.

He caused Menander, another of his intimates, to be put to death for a slight military disobedience. Calisthenes, being suspected by him of a conspiracy, was arrested by his order, and thrown into prison, where he perished for want.

He marched towards the East, without any political object, and impelled only by the instinct of destruction, carrying devastation and death among nations who had never heard of him. In this bloody excursion, which is called the conquest of the Indies, having negotiated a treaty with the chiefs of a besieged fortress, he put them and their soldiers all to the sword, as they were retiring upon the faith of oaths.

When arrived upon the banks of the Ganges, his soldiers refused to pass the river. He lay down upon the earth, and remained eight days without speaking. He then went back, having ruined a hundred and fifty nations, and destroyed five thousand towns.

While passing over the country of the Orites, the three-fourths of his army perished with hunger and for want of every kind. When arrived in a more fertile country, he set an example to his troops of every species of debauchery, travelling in an immense carriage, upon which was an ostentatious table continually covered with rich viands and intoxicating liquors; his court followed under moving arbours, and his soldiers, crowned with vine leaves, went on in perpetual frantic revelling.

Ephestion, his favourite, dying in consequence of having eaten, though ill, a capon, and drunk a bottle of wine, while his physician Glaucus was at the theatre, Alexander ordered the physician to be hanged, had all the horses and mules shorn, knocked down the battle-

ment of the walls, and in an excess of rage, caused by the loss of his friend, he threw himself, with a body of the army, into the country of the Cosseins, where he exterminated the people, children and all. He killed Oxiartes with a thrust of his pike, and caused his father Abulites to be poisoned. He put Polymachus to death for having searched for the tomb of Cyrus.

Cassander, the son of Antipater, having laughed at seeing the barbarians prostrate themselves before the throne, Alexander took him by the legs and dashed his head against the wall.

At a feast he promised a crown of the value of six hundred golden crowns to him who should drink most; forty-one of the guests died at the conclusion of this revel.

At length he died himself; and, for so many glorious actions, Greece decreed him the title of *Great*, which posterity has confirmed.

It is true, and I feel pleasure at the thought, it is true that some writers, more judicious or less timid than others, have dared to raise doubts on the validity of this suffrage: but as these attacks have always been repulsed, things have remained in the same state; the example still subsists, and still menaces social order, which it has so often shaken.

M. de Voltaire, whose appearance under the colours of a party does not always announce a good cause, has broken some lances in favour of Alexander's glory; and he believed that he had found an unanswerable argument in this reflection, that if he had burned a few cities here and there, he had built at least as many. M. de Voltaire spoke of it in his chateau of Ferney quite

at his ease; but had he been a citizen of Thebes, or Ecbatana, I doubt whether he would have been consoled for the burning of his house, on hearing, a few years later, that the Macedonian hero had built a town upon the banks of the Hydaspes, in honour of his horse Bucephalus, and another in honour of his dog Peritas.

But to conclude, to the advantage of the moderns, a dissertation already very long, let us suppose for a moment, that the *Telemachus* of Fenelon, that sublime work, whose title to poetry is disputed, because the style, so rich in images, so melodious, so poetical, does not strike the ear with those puerile similarities of sound which are called *rhymes*; let us suppose that this book had appeared three thousand years sooner, instead of the *Iliad* of Homer, and I ask whether the Greeks would have recommended Alexander as an example for future kings; and whether that crowd of conquerors, who all valued more or less the approbation of the civilized world, would not have discovered other means of rendering themselves worthy of it, than that of equalling their model in extravagance and fury.

Let us then openly and boldly say, to the exclusive partizans of antiquity,—Homer first entered the domain of genius, and appropriated the riches of it; but his understanding, given up to its own powers, could never attain that idea of true glory which philosophy, aided by the experience of twenty centuries, and fortified by morality and religion, could alone reveal to the great soul of Fenelon. Homer sang false glory; and the beauty of his pictures has fascinated every eye, misled every heart; woe to the nations who shall make the bard

of Achilles the object of a blind worship ! happy those who raise altars to the bard of Telemachus !

NOTE IX.—Page 184.

I have already had occasion to remark

“ True Frenchmen, those who have honour and religion, those who are interested in the maintenance of social order, do not attach sufficient importance to the preservation of words, which are really preservers of principles. Satisfied with possessing the things, they leave the names to the usurpation of those who choose to make use of them. They relinquish to Vice the flowers it has stolen, and then look with disdain upon them, when passed through its impure hands. Though we may be sensible of a kind of irony in cloaking men and things which we despise in the most honourable appellations, plain folks, who understand the Dictionary literally, are apt to range themselves on the side of those words wherever they find them, and we are exposed in the confusion to receive the fire of our friends.”—*Gazette de France, May 21, 1817.*

THE END.

